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ICC

SPORT STARS

COMICS
PHOTOS
FEATURES

MUZZ IS BUZZIN'



"MUZZ" PATRICK -
HOCKEY STAR AND
FIVE SPORT CHAMPION

THE GREAT GIPP

NOTRE DAME'S MOST INSPIRING PLAYER



HOW TARZAN GOT THAT WAY
The Story of JOHNNY WEISSMULLER



SPORT STARS

YOU'VE waited a long time for a sports magazine with the polish of a veteran pitcher, the poise of a smart quarterback, and the dynamite of a heavy-weight boxer. Now, the publishers of TRUE COMICS, CALLING ALL BOYS and TRUE AVIATION PICTURE-STORIES take real pride in presenting SPORT STARS, a magazine which will satisfy your every desire in sports reading.

SPORT STARS contains an All-America lineup in its combination of comics, photos and text features. Take a quick look at the contents and you'll see what we mean. In rapid succession you'll find expertly written stories about baseball, football, hockey, basketball, swimming, track, crew, boxing, horse racing, hunting, water polo and golf. In addition, each issue will feature an exclusive article by Bill Stern, outstanding sports broadcaster and Sports Editor of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Stern has also agreed to serve as Advisory Editor and will draw on his wide knowledge of sports to suggest accurate, timely articles of the greatest possible appeal to you sport fans who read this magazine for the latest in sports.

We're glad to have Bill Stern as Advisory Editor, for we feel that his broad experience will be of invaluable assistance in making SPORT STARS the best magazine of its kind. But SPORT STARS is *your* magazine, and it will be *you* and your friends who will be the real advisers. After you've read this first issue, we want you to tell us what you like and what you don't like in it. It would be swell if you could come in to see us and talk to us personally, but since this would be difficult, why don't you sit down, take out pen and paper, and write us a letter instead.

If you were fortunate enough to be the first on your block to receive a copy of SPORT STARS, tell your friends about this magazine. Let them read your copy, and tell them to write, too. You see, the more letters we get, the better we can shape the magazine to your complete satisfaction. Now turn the page. Johnny Weissmuller is waiting, and so are the rest of the stars of SPORT STARS.

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GOT THAT WAY

Johnny Weissmuller was a champion swimmer, beating the world's best in the Olympics, before he swam into the Hollywood limelight



AT the age of eleven it was simply a case of "sink or swim" with Johnny Weissmuller. He went into the water and came out as the fastest swimmer America has ever known:

As a boy he was so frail, you'd select him as least likely to become Tarzan. His parents gave him the best food but it didn't help. Then, one day, his doctor suggested he try swimming. That word was poison in the Weissmuller household. Johnny's father never went swimming in his life and the mere mention of the word scared his mother half to death.

(Continued on page 32)

THE GREAT GIPP

NOTRE-DAME

OF ALL THE GRIDIRON STARS WHO BATTLED FOR NOTRE DAME, NONE CAPTURED THE IMAGINATION OF AMERICA'S SPORT FANS MORE THAN GEORGE GIPP.

ONE DAY IN 1916, KNUTE ROCKNE, THEN-ASSISTANT COACH AT NOTRE DAME, WAS STROLLING THROUGH THE CAMPUS, WHEN...

SEND ME ANOTHER ONE, GIPPER!

THAT BOY CAN REALLY KICK-AND IN STREET SHOES, TOO!

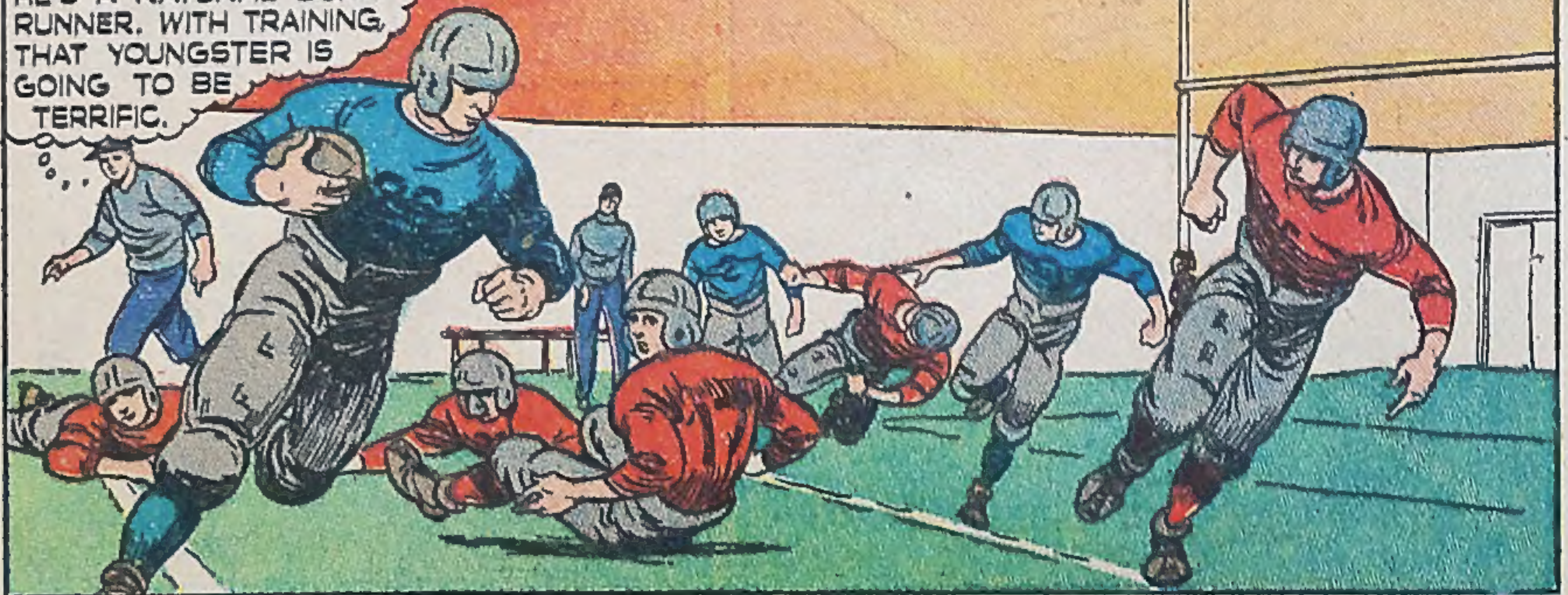
SO... HOW ABOUT TRYING OUT FOR THE FRESHMAN SQUAD TOMORROW, GIPP?

I DON'T LIKE FOOTBALL VERY MUCH, BUT I'LL COME.



AT PRACTICE NEXT DAY...

HE'S A NATURAL BORN RUNNER. WITH TRAINING, THAT YOUNGSTER IS GOING TO BE TERRIFIC.



GIPP KEPT ON WITH FOOTBALL PRACTICE. IN HIS FIRST BIG GAME, NOTRE DAME AND WESTERN NORMAL WERE TIED IN THE FINAL MINUTES OF THE TILT. THEN...

LOOK, JOE, A FIELD GOAL WOULD PUT THIS GAME ON ICE FOR US.

NO, FALL BACK FOR A PUNT. AT LEAST WE CAN BE SURE OF A DRAW.



THE FIGHTING IRISH SHIFTED INTO PUNT FORMATION.

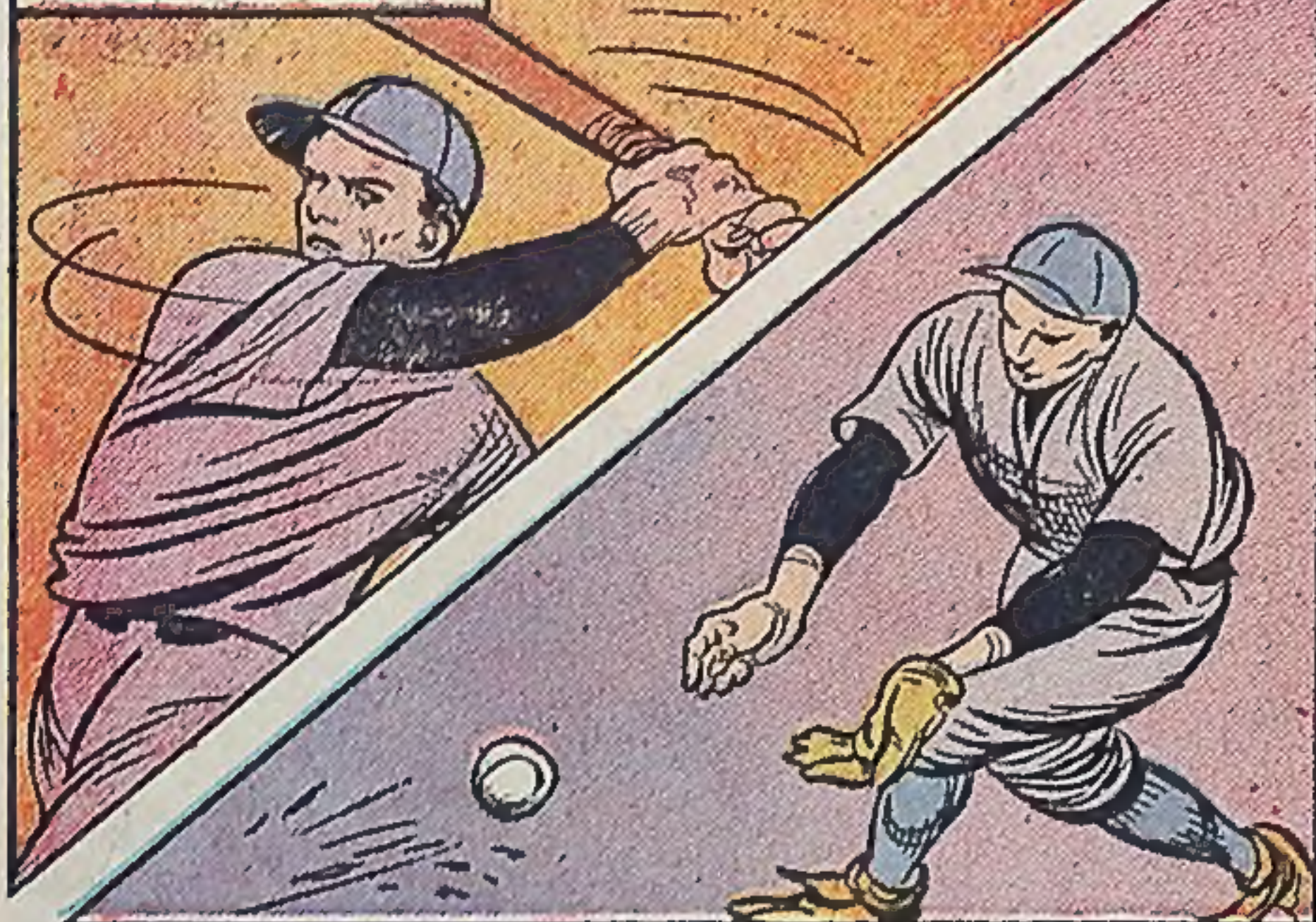


SUDDENLY GIPP FELL BACK TO HIS THIRTY-EIGHT-YARD LINE, AND...



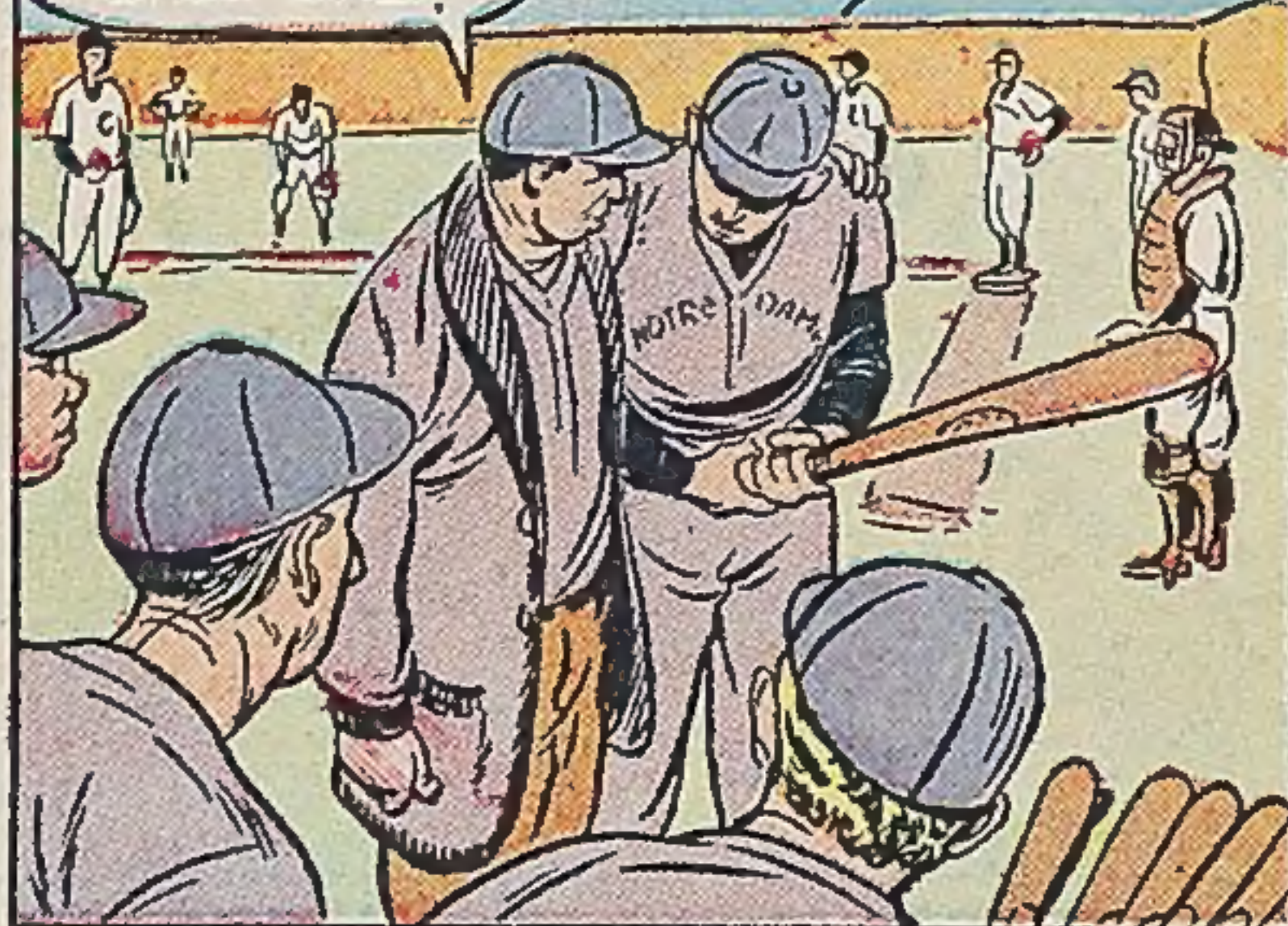
INSTEAD OF PUNTING, HE DROPKICKED. THE BALL SAILED BETWEEN THE WESTERN NORMAL GOAL POSTS. GIPP'S FIELD GOAL WON THE GAME FOR NOTRE DAME.

WHEN SPRING CAME, GIPP ASTOUNDED SPORTS WRITERS BY BECOMING A BASEBALL STAR.



IN ONE GAME...
I WANT YOU TO
LAY A SLOW BUNT
DOWN THE THIRD
BASE LINE.

I'LL TRY,
COACH.



BUT...

I COULDN'T
RESIST
THAT ONE.



I THOUGHT I TOLD
YOU TO BUNT!

I COULD SEE THAT
BALL WAS LABELED FOR
A HOMER, AND I JUST
GAVE IT ALL I HAD.



DURING THE
NEXT FOOTBALL
SEASON, GIPP
SHOWED HE
COULD PLAY
DEFENSIVE AS
WELL AS
OFFENSIVE BALL.
IN THE LAST
MINUTES OF
THE ARMY
GAME, WITH
THE SCORE
7 TO 2 FOR
NOTRE DAME,
ARMY PUSHED
TO THE
IRISH'S ONE
YARD LINE
AND LINED
UP FOR A
PLUNGE.

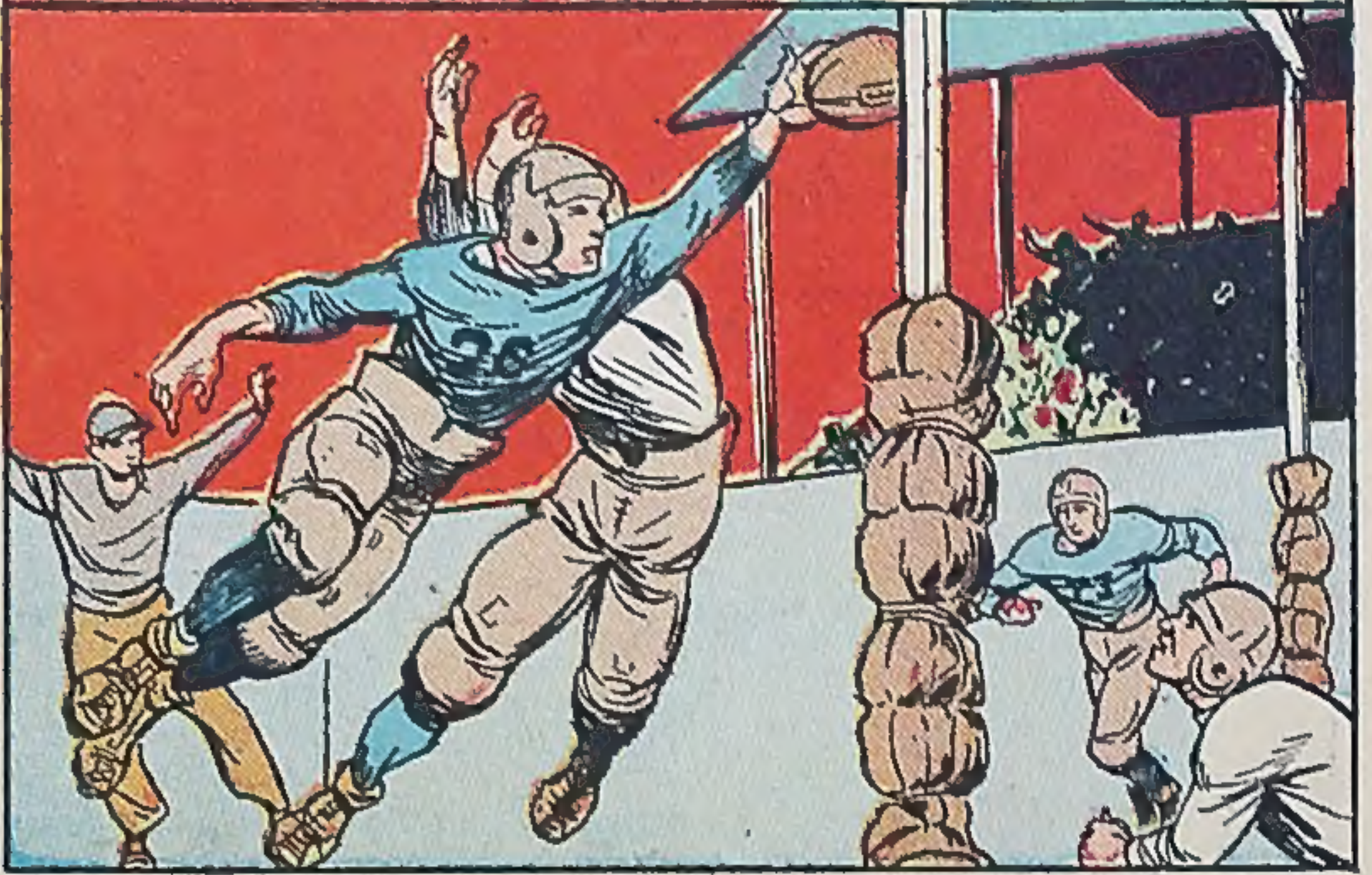


BUT GIPP SAW THAT IT WAS A TRICK PLAY.

LOOK OUT FOR A PASS!



GIPP'S ALERTNESS SAVED THE GAME FOR THE IRISH!



AGAIN IN 1919, GIPP HELPED DOWN NOTRE DAME'S GREAT RIVAL, WEST POINT. IN THE LAST MINUTES OF THE GAME...

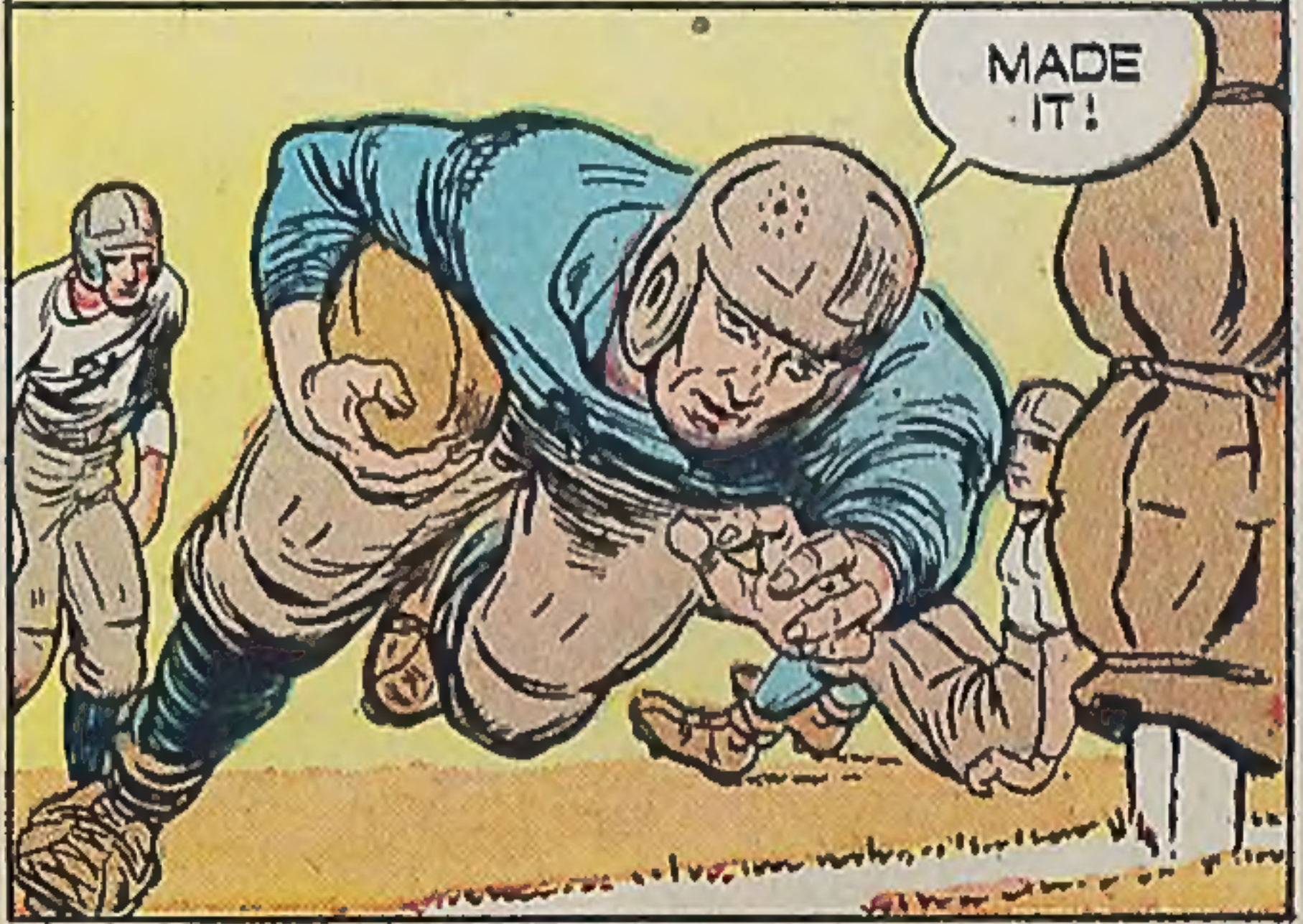
HURRY, TED!

TWO SECONDS!



BEFORE ANYONE KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, GIPP TOOK THE BALL, AND...

MADE IT!



IN HIS LAST SEASON, GIPP PROVED HIS COURAGE. BENCHED WITH AN INJURED SHOULDER, HE SAW INDIANA PILE UP A SCORE OF 10 TO 0 AGAINST THE IRISH.

PLEASE, ROCK, IT'S THE THIRD QUARTER. CAN'T I GO IN?

I SHOULDN'T LET YOU... BUT GO AHEAD!



FROM INDIANA'S SEVEN YARD LINE, GIPP TRIED RUNNING...

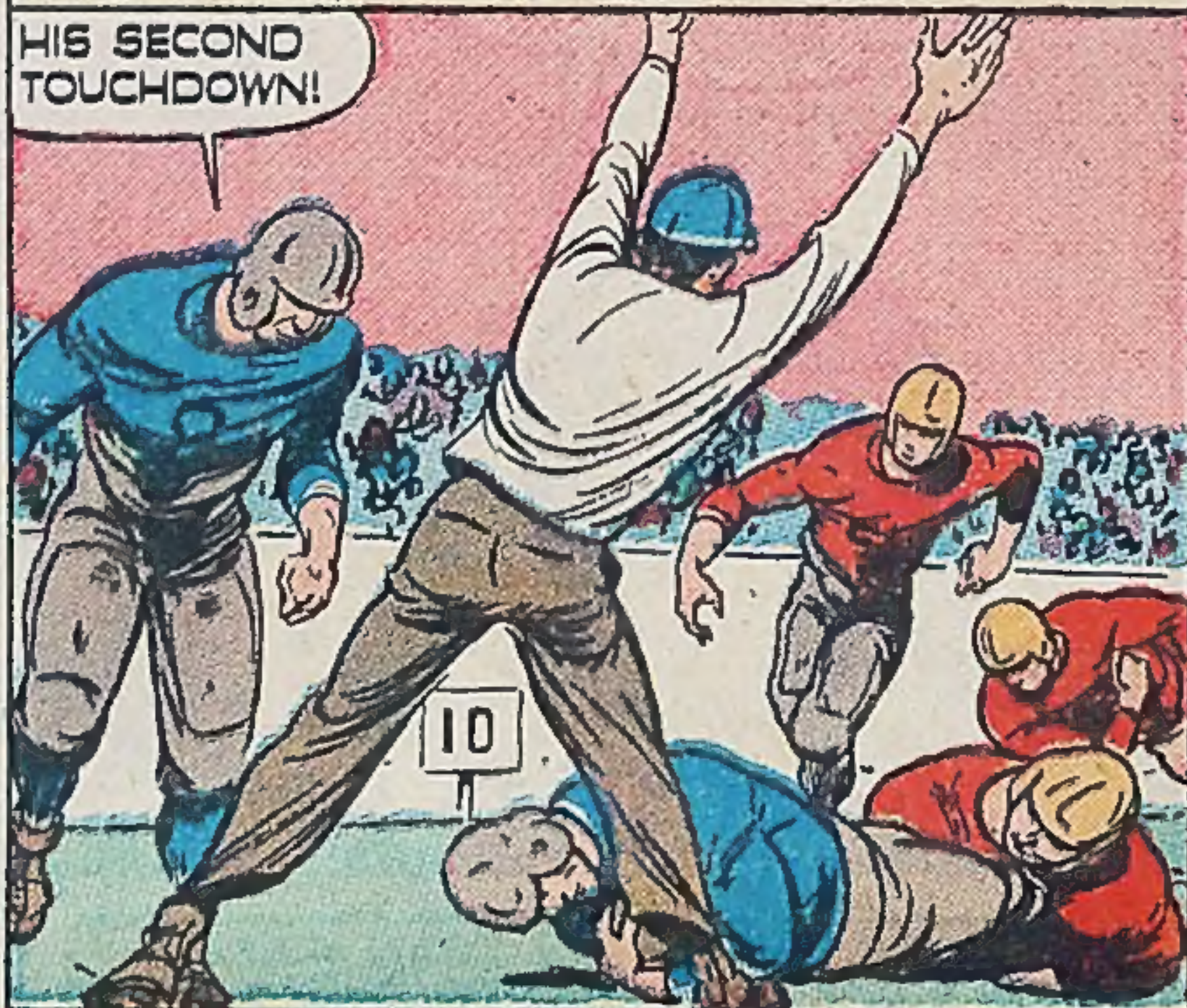


...PASSING...



...AND FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH DOWN...

HIS SECOND TOUCHDOWN!



A FEW WEEKS AFTER BEING CHOSEN ALL-AMERICA. FULLBACK, GIPP WAS FATALLY STRICKEN WITH PNEUMONIA.

ROCK, SOMETIME WHEN THE BREAKS GO AGAINST THE TEAM, TELL THEM TO GO IN AND WIN JUST ONE FOR THE GIPPER.

SURE, KID, SURE!

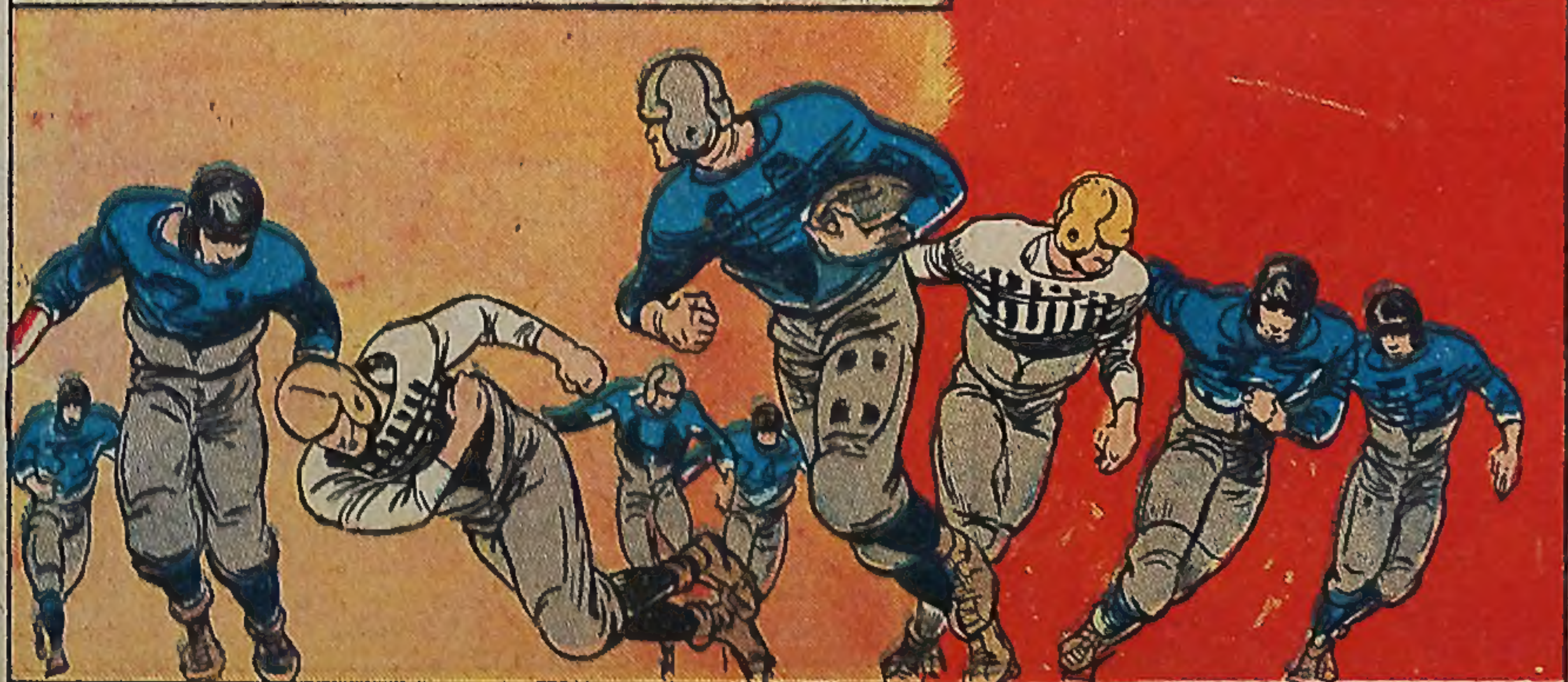


EIGHT YEARS LATER, THE IRISH HAD THE WORST SEASON IN THEIR HISTORY. DURING THEIR GAME WITH THE ARMY, A TIRED AND BATTERED TEAM FACED ROCKNE AT THE HALF.

MEN, I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE A LONG SPEECH—I ONLY WANT TO TELL YOU THAT THIS IS THE GAME GEORGE GIPP WANTED US TO WIN!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE FANS, AN INSPIRED ROCKNE TEAM CAME BACK TO WIN THE GAME — IN MEMORY OF FIGHTING GEORGE GIPP.



Jack Griscom was the best runner Tech had and they found out he was the best blocker.



THE MAN WHO BLOCKED

Temperamental football stars don't make for good teams. This one found that out just in time

By HENRY CARLE

PRACTICE was over, and Jack walked slowly into the locker room, his helmet dangling from his hand. The rest of the squad was in various stages of the change from moleskins to street togs. One of the showers was on—the only noise that could be heard in the Tech dressing room.

The coach was sitting on a rubbing table, staring at the wall, as

Jack strode over to his locker. "Griscom!" It cracked like a whip, above the hiss of the shower. Jack looked around. "Yes, coach?"

"See me before you leave." Surveying the room, the coach said, "The rest of you can go." With that, the coach slipped off the table and went into his cubby-hole office in the back of the room.

Showered and dressed, Jack knocked on the door of the coach's office and heard a gruff "Come in." The coach was bent over a pile of football charts. He didn't look up, merely grunted "Sit down!" Suddenly, flinging up his head, his eyes boring into Jack's, the coach snapped in an ominous tone:

"Griscom, you're dogging it. Here we (Continued on page 50)

TELEPHONE CANYON

COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT, Jr., author of "God Is My Co-Pilot," takes an adventurous hunting trip

This is a chapter from his new book, "Runway to the Sun."

ALL around us were the ten-thousand-foot Davis Mountains, and there were black-tailed deer everywhere. All I wanted was for it to hurry and get light, just light enough to hunt. I remember my companion, Mort Magoffin, said he always hated this first night before a hunt, that he always had to get into a bed of some kind and lie there sleepless in his excitement until morning finally came and he could go on with the hunt. It was just drudgery to have to stay in bed and wait, that was all. We agreed on it and talked about the number of deer we would shoot on the morrow and we even decided to come back to camp and leave the rifles and our deer, and go back with shotguns to get a covey or two of mountain quail. Then, I suppose, I drifted off to sleep, but not for long.

About midnight I was awakened by the sound of an automobile coming into the canyon. Mort and I sat up and waited for the car. When the car crossed the draw and approached our camp, I saw an old man, an old dried-up type of the back country of Texas.

When he had identified himself, at least by sight to us, he put the light out and stood there while our eyes got used to the darkness and then he said, "Howdy, folks, my name is Ezra McCain. I have my two sons in the car with me and we are on our way to our hunting site we're supposed to use tomorrow. But this is Telephone Canyon, isn't it?"

I nodded my head. My eyes were getting used to the light by then and I said, "Yes, sir, Mr. McCain, my name's Scott and this is Lieutenant Magoffin. This is Telephone Canyon, all right."

He said, "Well, I'm in the wrong canyon; I went to the same rancher you did and got permission to hunt, but my site is supposed to be on the other side of the mountain. Now I'm wrong and I've been hunting out here a long time and I know you want to be alone and have good private hunting, so we'll go on out. I'm glad to have met you," and he turned to leave.

I thought it was a pretty long trip to where Mr. McCain wanted to go and he had to make sure of his direction, so I called out,

"Now look, Mr. McCain, Texas is a pretty big state and this is a pretty big canyon. We're not crowded; there's just two of us. If you want to stay here with your boys, we'll be glad if you do. It will be company and we don't know much about this type of hunting anyway."

The old man turned around and said, "Well, that's right sociable of you, Lieutenant."

Very early in the morning I awakened and felt outside the sleeping bag for my cold shoes. I scurried out and Mort got up, too, and just about the time we had a fire built and our skillet over the coals, Mr. McCain came over. He was all smiles.

"Good morning," he said. "We have breakfast all-ready for you if you will come over to our fire. I guess I might as well have stayed up all night, for I just never can sleep the first night of a hunt and I usually get to stay away from Sweetwater just one night. So that means I never get to sleep on a hunt."

I didn't try to argue very hard about going over, for I could smell an appetizing aroma drift-

ing across from the other fire, and the sound of sizzling grease came invitingly over the fifty feet between the two tents.

Before daylight, I had my rifle, a Savage 300, and was mapping out my route for the day's hunt. Mort was going around the mountain to the west while I had decided that I would first climb straight over the end of the canyon and "top out," as the Westerners say, over the rimrock. The McCains were going in the opposite direction from my course, toward another hunting area with which they were familiar. Ezra McCain cautioned me to be sure and carry a canteen of water. I told him that I was sure I didn't need it, after all it was cold and damp. I left the canteen home.

Of course this was pure ignorance of the West and I most certainly should have taken the advice of the old rancher.

Hour after hour I climbed from the floor of the valley of Telephone Canyon toward the bordering rimrock. As I walked as softly as I could and searched each draw of the incline for deer, I felt the heat of the sun more and more. Near the top of the 10,000-foot level I began to feel thirst for the first time, and resolved mentally to keep an eye peeled for the first spring or stream. As the thirst mounted with the sun, I decided to go out of my way for a stream, or even a cattle watering tank, when I reached the other side of the mountain. Then, by the time I had seen many coveys of large Mearns

(Continued on page 48)



Lt. Scott, his throat parched, sees what he thinks is water. But the scorching sun has played tricks with his mind.





MURRAY "MUZZ" PATRICK, A CHAMPION IN HOCKEY, IS A REMARKABLE ALL-AROUND PERFORMER, TOO.

AS A BOY, IN VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER ATHLETE IN THE FAMILY.

YES, IF IT'S NOT HOCKEY, IT'S SOME OTHER SPORT.

IN THE SPRING, MUZZ WENT OUT FOR TRACK. JUST BEFORE HIS FIRST MEET...

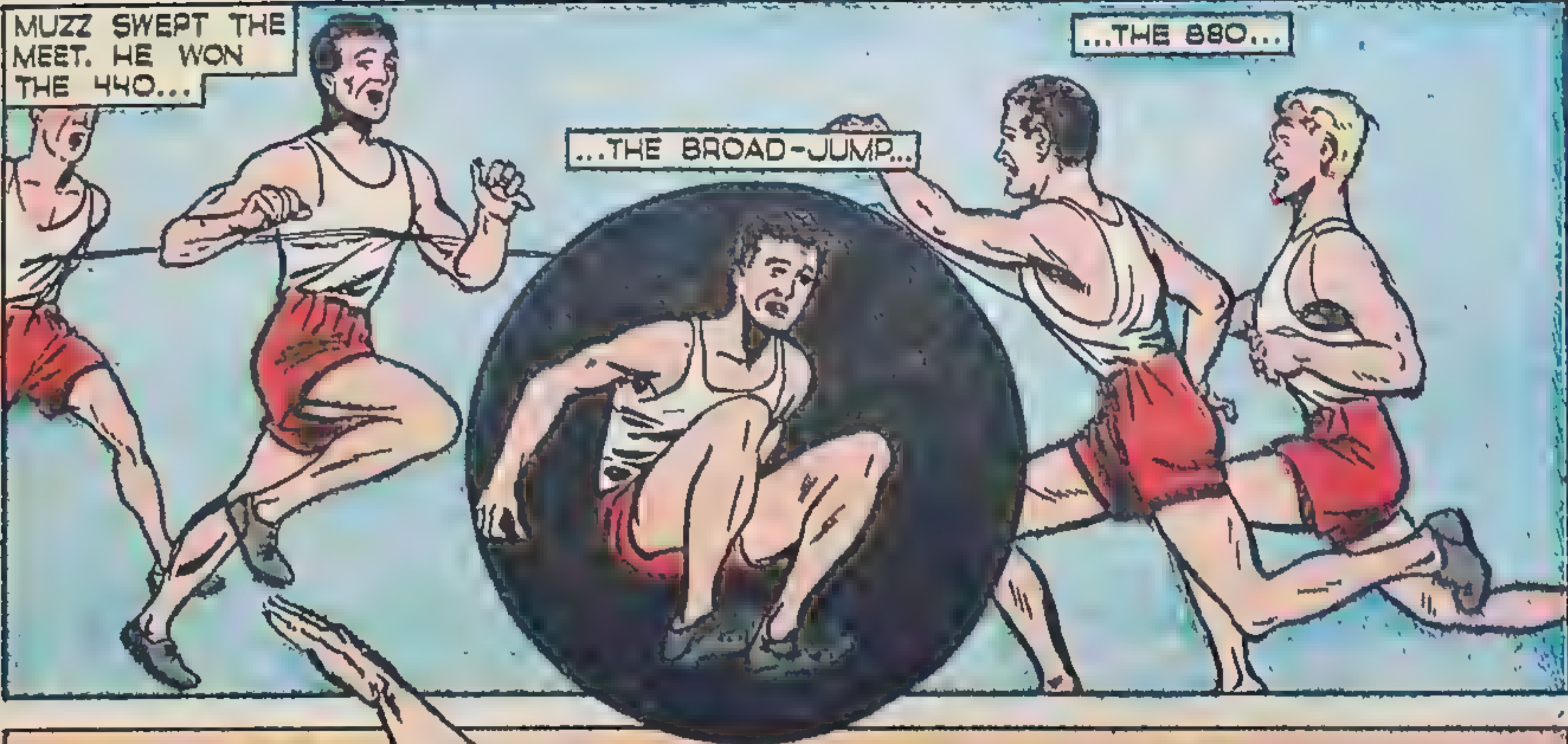
HEY, MUZZ, WHAT EVENTS ARE YOU ENTERING?

GEE, IT'S HARD TO DECIDE. I GUESS I'LL ENTER EVERYTHING BUT THE DASHES.

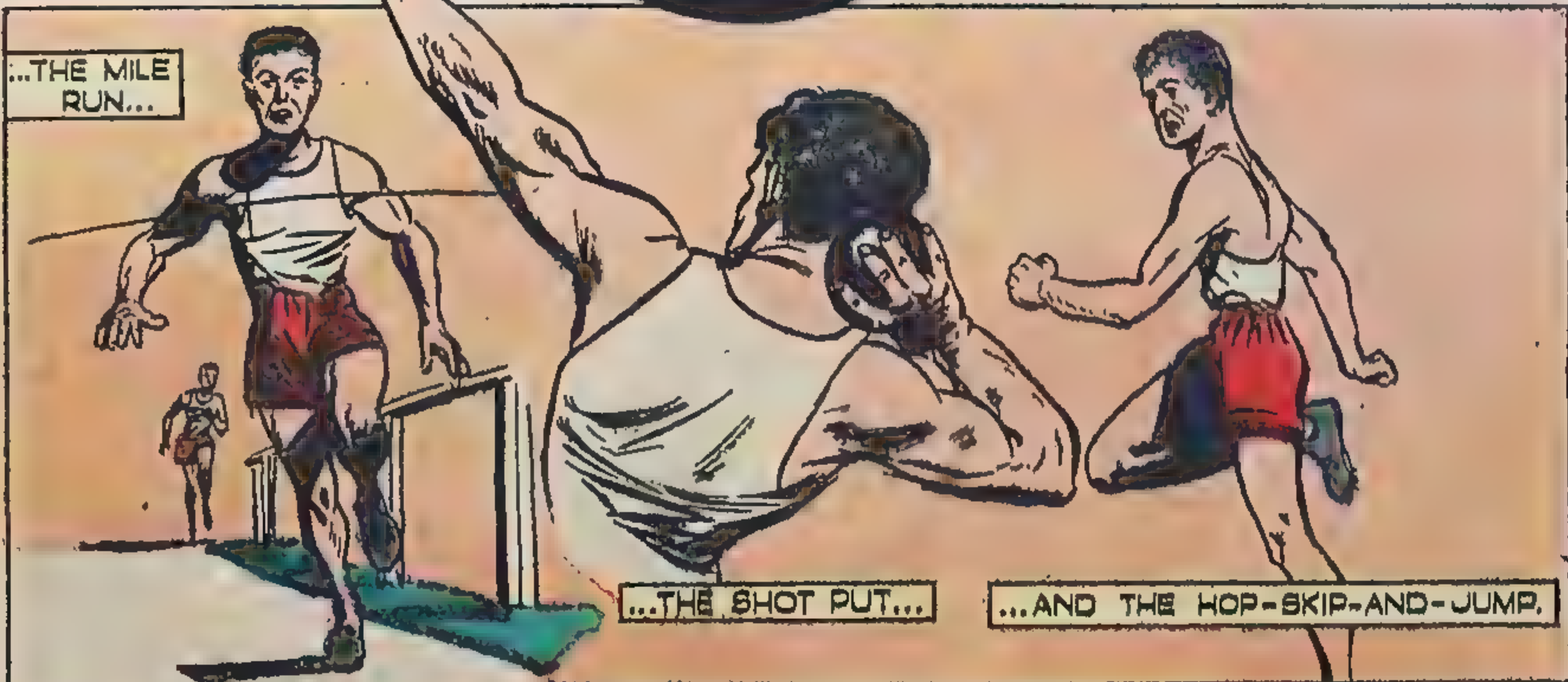
MUZZ SWEEP THE MEET. HE WON THE 440...

...THE 880...

...THE BROAD-JUMP...



...THE MILE RUN...

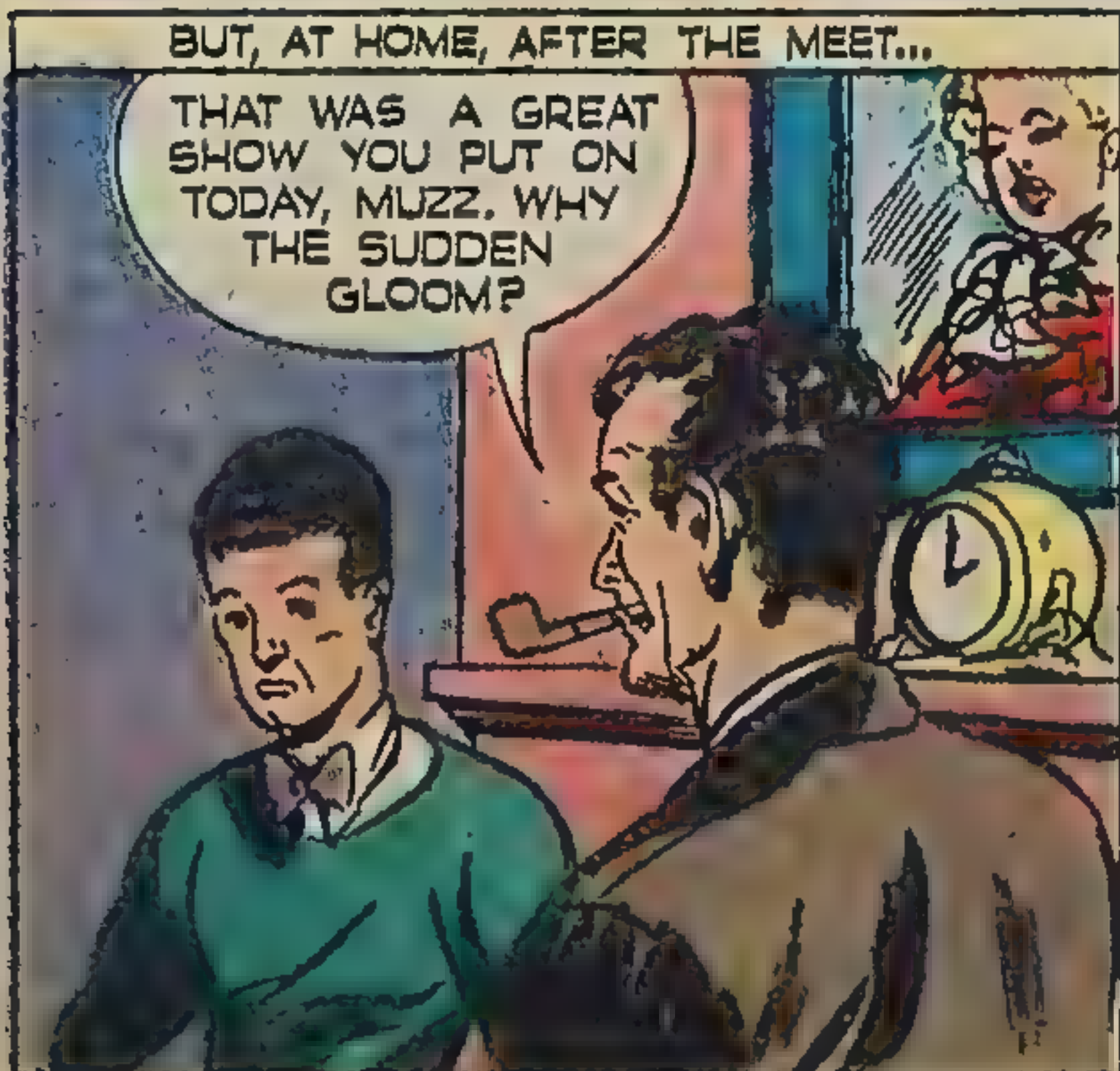


...THE SHOT PUT...

...AND THE HOP-SKIP-AND-JUMP.

BUT, AT HOME, AFTER THE MEET...

THAT WAS A GREAT SHOW YOU PUT ON TODAY, MUZZ. WHY THE SUDDEN GLOOM?



AW, POP, I LOST THE HURDLES!



FROM 1929 TO 1933, MUZZ WAS BUSY CHALKING UP CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

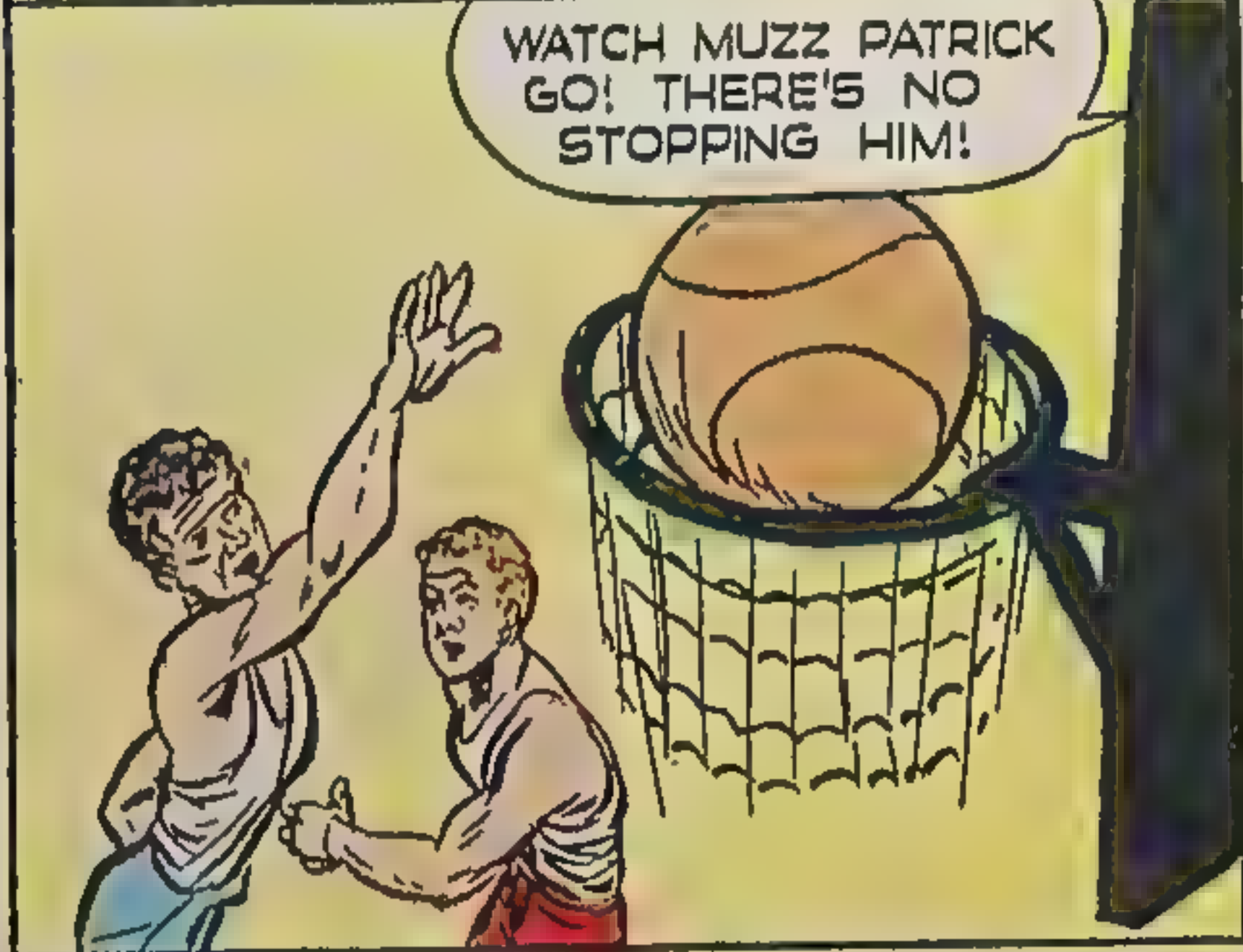
THAT PATRICK BOY HAS PRACTICALLY MONOPOLIZED ALL THE AMATEUR BIKE TITLES IN THE NORTH WEST.

THIRTY CHAMPIONSHIPS SO FAR!



THAT SAME YEAR, HE STARRED WITH THE VICTORIA BLUE RIBBONS WHEN THEY WON THE CANADIAN BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

WATCH MUZZ PATRICK GO! THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM!



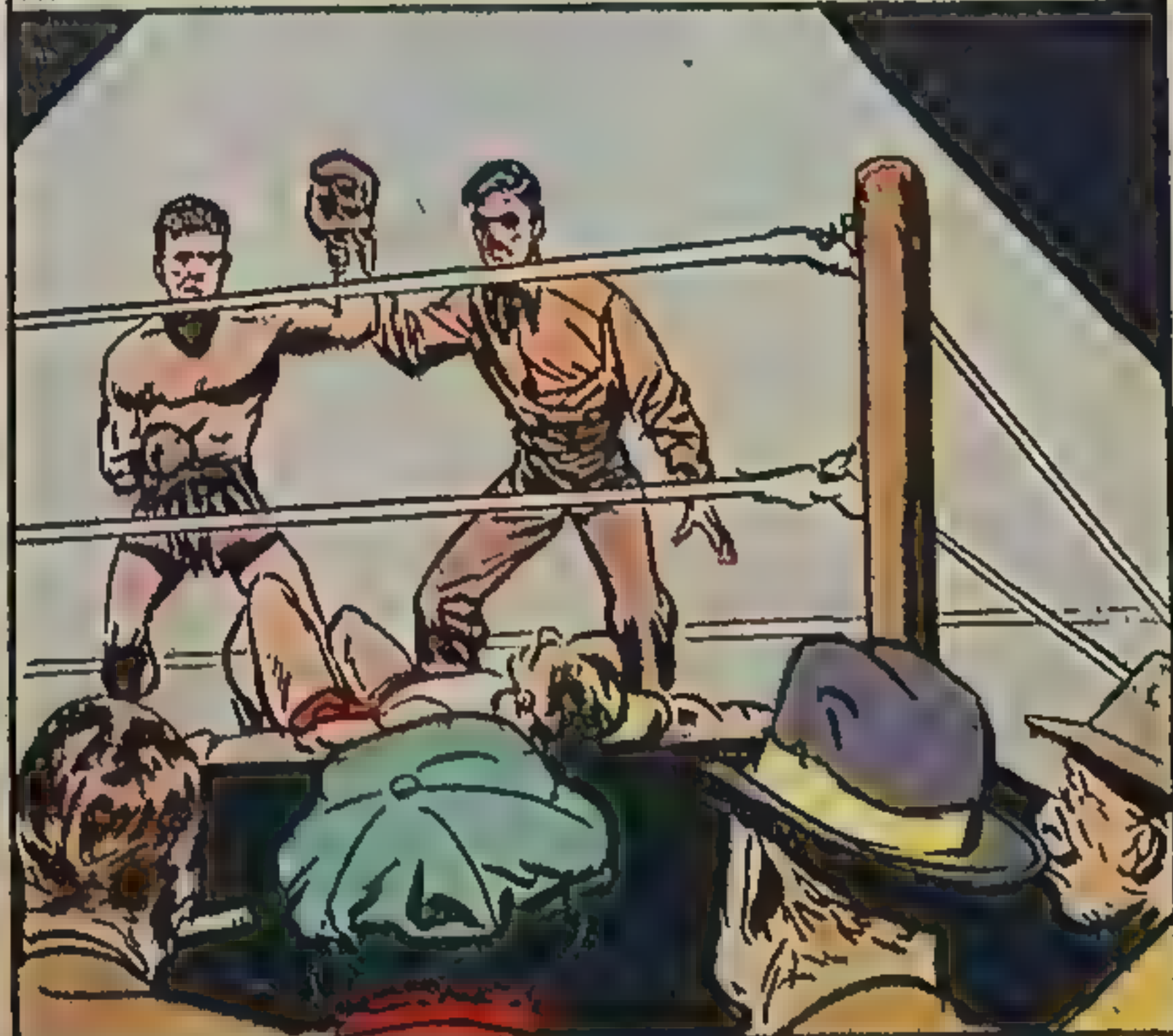
AFTER THE GAME...

WHAT'S THE HURRY, MUZZ? WE DON'T WIN A CHAMPIONSHIP EVERY NIGHT. STICK AROUND AND ENJOY IT.

SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET OVER TO THE ARENA. A GUY I'M FIGHTING NEXT WEEK IS IN THE RING, AND I WANT TO STUDY HIS STYLE.



MUZZ' BOXING CAREER WAS SPECTACULAR...



...BUT BRIEF. I'M SO AFRAID YOU'LL GET BADLY HURT, MUZZ. PLEASE GIVE UP BOXING.

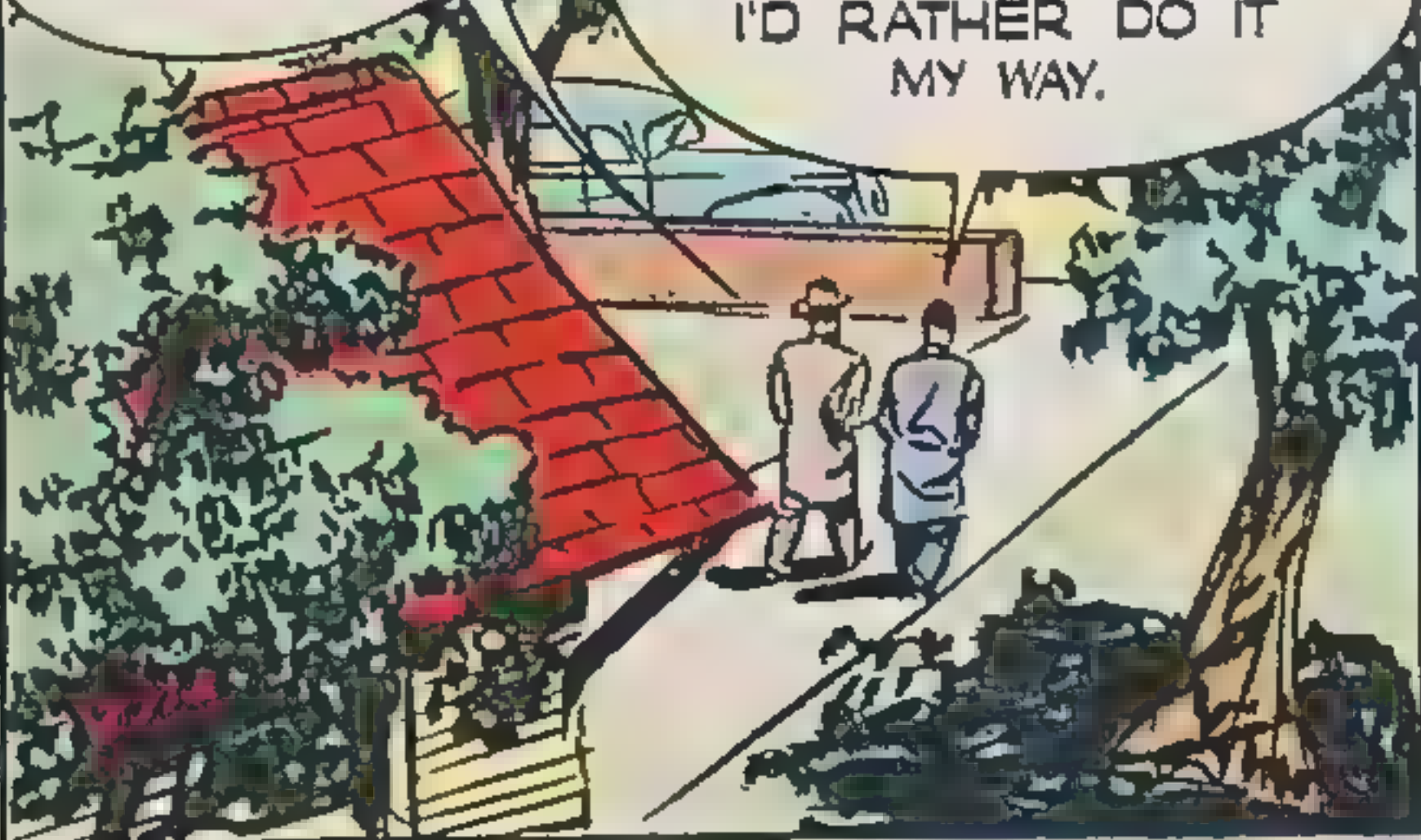
ALL RIGHT, MOM. I NEED THE TIME FOR HOCKEY PRACTICE, ANYWAY.



MUZZ' FATHER, LESTER PATRICK, WAS THE MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK RANGERS, SO...

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY HOCKEY WITH THE RANGERS, SON?

THANKS, POP, BUT EVERYBODY WOULD THINK I WAS ON THE TEAM JUST BECAUSE I WAS YOUR SON. I'D RATHER DO IT MY WAY.



SO MUZZ JOINED THE MINOR LEAGUE PHILADELPHIA RAMBLERS. THEN, IN 1938...

THE RANGERS ARE SHORTHANDED BECAUSE OF INJURIES. WE NEED YOU. WILL YOU COME AND PLAY WITH US?

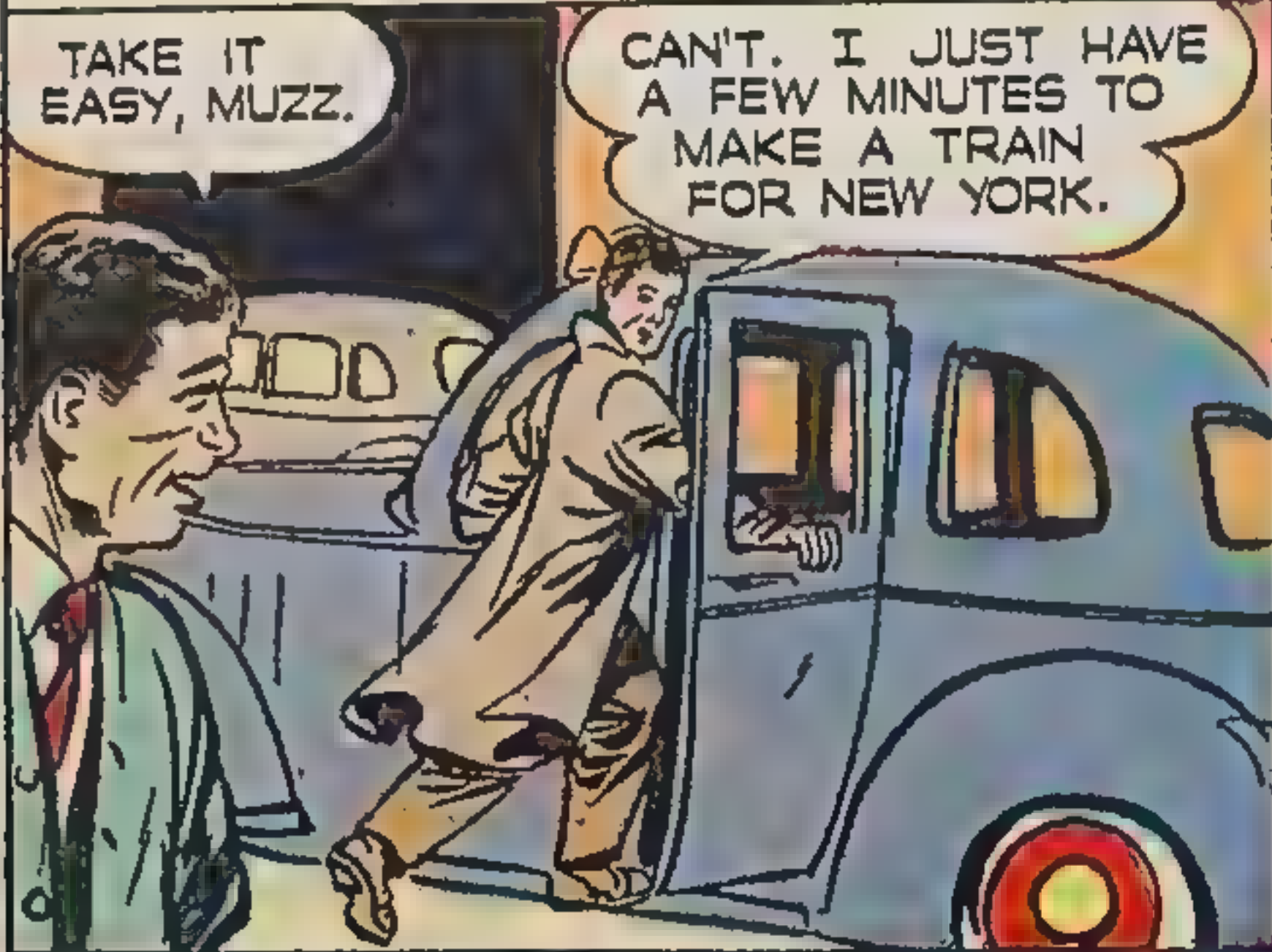
ALL RIGHT, POP. BUT I'LL HAVE TO KEEP PLAYING WITH THE RAMBLERS, TOO.



IN TWENTY DAYS, MUZZ PLAYED THIRTEEN GAMES FOR THE TWO CLUBS, SHUTTLEING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THEM.

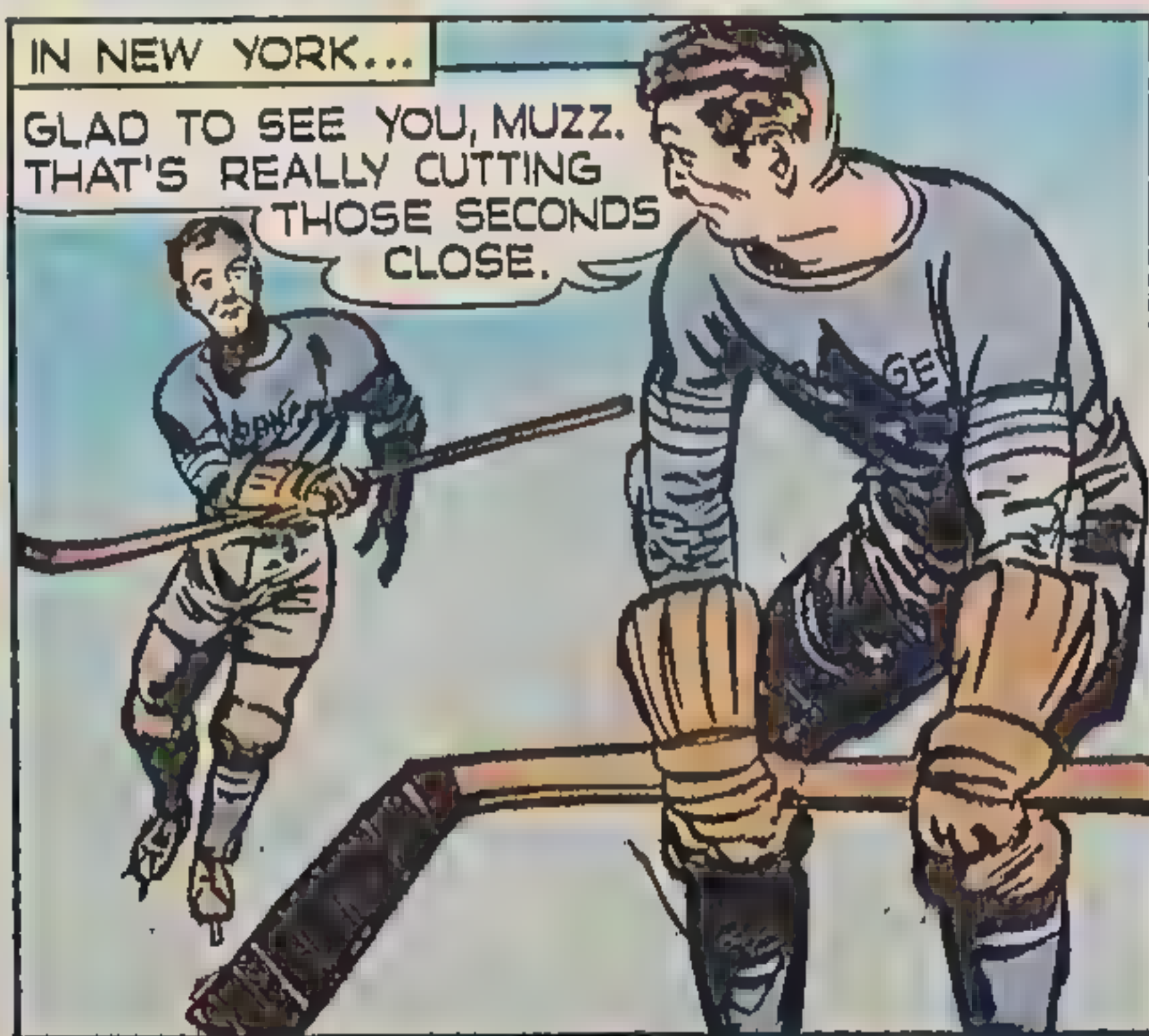
TAKE IT EASY, MUZZ.

CAN'T. I JUST HAVE A FEW MINUTES TO MAKE A TRAIN FOR NEW YORK.



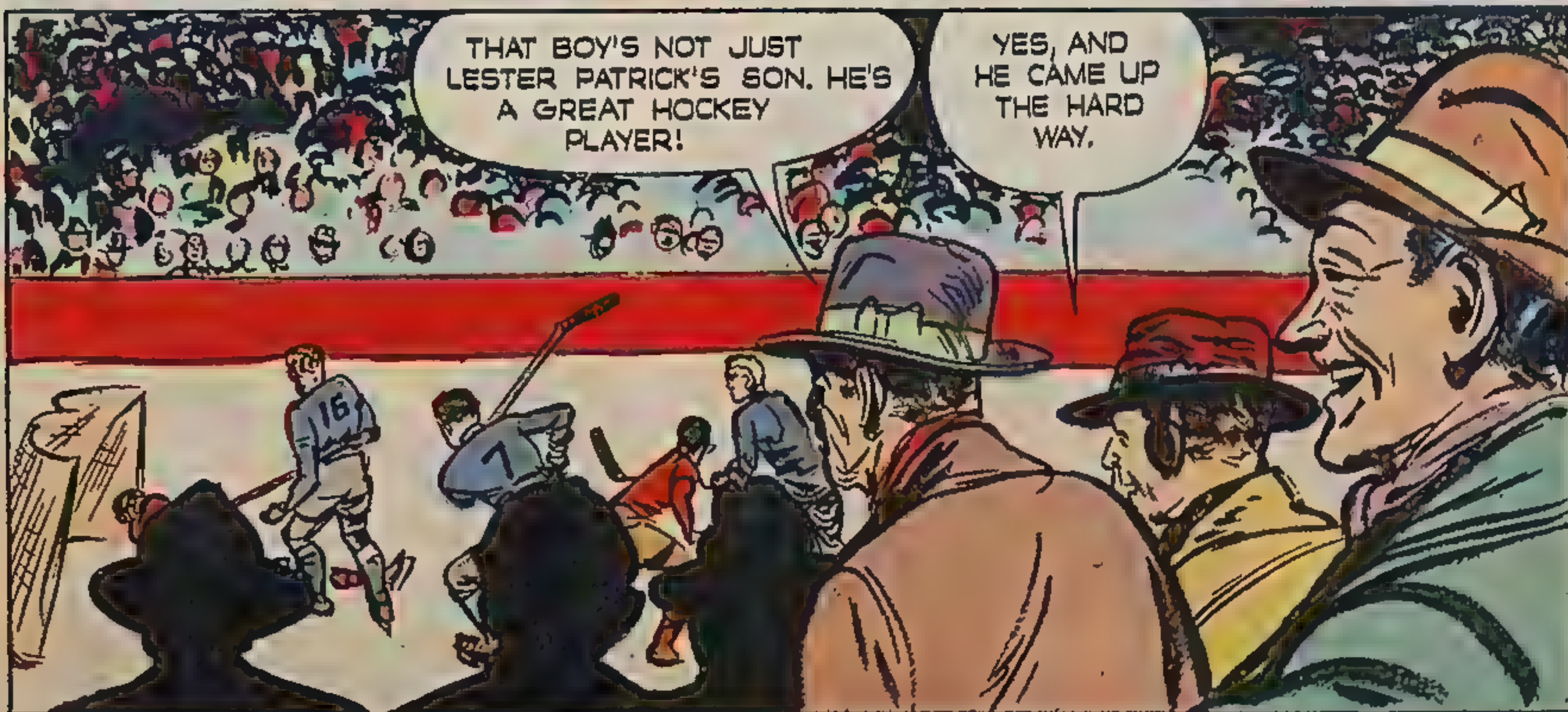
IN NEW YORK...

GLAD TO SEE YOU, MUZZ. THAT'S REALLY CUTTING THOSE SECONDS CLOSE.



THAT BOY'S NOT JUST LESTER PATRICK'S SON. HE'S A GREAT HOCKEY PLAYER!

YES, AND HE CAME UP THE HARD WAY.



BY 1941, MUZZ WAS ONE OF THE TOP DEFENSE MEN IN PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY. HE WAS ESPECIALLY FAMED FOR CLEAN PLAY. ONE DAY, IN A GAME WITH THE DETROIT RED WINGS...

THAT GUY LIKES TO LAY ON THE WOOD.



A LITTLE LATER...

THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL.



THEN, AS THE PLAYER CAME AT MUZZ AGAIN...



IT WAS A CLEAN BODY CHECK THAT SENT HIM REELING.

WHEN WAR CAME, MUZZ PATRICK ENLISTED AND SAW ACTION IN FRANCE. NOW HE IS IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT FOR THE RANGERS.



SPORT "STAND- OUTS"

WHEN "HANK" ENLISTED, HE WAS PLAYING THE OUTFIELD FOR THE TIGERS AT A SALARY OF \$55,000 A YEAR, AND BELTING ABOUT 40 HOMERS A SEASON.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, EX-CAPTAIN "HANK" AGAIN DROPPED THE TIGER UNIFORM.

TO PROVE HE STILL COULD HIT, HANK BLAMMED 13 HOMERS, THE LAST ONE COMING ON THE FINAL DAY OF THE SEASON TO WIN THE PENNANT. HE ADDED TWO MORE IN THE WORLD SERIES TO HELP DETROIT TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

PRELUDE

TO JUNE

Billy Conn got careless in the 13th round of his fight with Joe Louis, in 1941, and lost. He says it will be different next June.

By GILBERT COSTA

LET'S turn back the pages of boxing history and stop at the Joe Louis-Billy Conn bout for the heavyweight championship of the world before sixty thousand at New York's Polo Grounds June 15, 1941. It's the minute between rounds twelve and thirteen. The fans are jabbering feverishly. The champ, Joe Louis, is being beaten by the youngster from Pittsburgh, Billy Conn.

The bell sounds, and the fighters move to the center of the ring. Just three more rounds and young Billy will score the biggest boxing upset the profession has ever known. All he needs to do is box as skillfully as he did in the previous rounds. Then, the challenger is struck with an idea. How much better would it be if he won the title by a knockout? He moves in.

The fans are bewildered. Conn is out of that careful crouch that has baffled the champ. All around the park there is shouting.

"He's wide open!" "Get back in that crouch!" "Watch out!"

Too late! The alert Louis saw the opening and let go with a terrific left to the jaw. Conn went down and out. He lost his chance.

Everyone who saw that fight, fan and critic alike, agreed that if Billy hadn't been so foolish as to try and knock Louis out, he would have won the championship. Conn himself admitted he should have known better.

The expected return bout never came. A couple of below-the-belt punchers named Hitler and Hirohito saw to that. Louis and Conn went into battle, but not the kind fans want to see.

Five years is a long time to wait for anything. But when that "anything" is a Louis-Conn fight, the American sports fan will wait forever. This dream fight becomes a reality in June, 1946, and though



The nation is waiting for the bell that will bring Joe Louis and Billy Conn out of their corners.

that's six months hence, its possibility of being a replica of the first bout has the nation in an uproar, one which won't subside until the bell sounds again.

It might be argued in some quarters that since Tommy Farr (August 30, 1937) and Arturo Godoy (February 9, 1940) were not knocked out by Joe Louis, they should be considered the ones who gave the Brown Bomber his closest shaves. It is true these were the only occasions in Louis' twenty-one defenses of his title that a challenger stayed in the ring with the champ for fifteen rounds. But that they went the distance is the only point in each challenger's favor. The margin by which they were beaten was so

decisive that the fans did not think too much of the bouts. The thing to remember about the two fights mentioned is that at no time were Godoy or Farr winning. Conn was BEATING Joe Louis.

Joining the fans in anticipation of the return match are the avaricious matchmakers. Throughout the country, these "friendly" gentlemen want the fight staged in their cities. New York was the site of the last one, but there are other places where a larger crowd can be accommodated. Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Los Angeles all have stadiums or arenas with more seating facilities than New York.

The dubious honor of selecting the location for the fight is in the



Billy Conn hurts Louis with a hard right to the head in the 1941 fight. Blows like these kept the challenger ahead until the 13th round.

lap of Mike Jacobs. He has the exclusive rights on the bout, and he could put it in the Brooklyn Opera House if he desired. Yankee Stadium looks like the obvious place, if the bout is held in New York. It's the largest outdoor arena there, and holds 80,000.

What are Louis and Conn going to do until the scheduled blow-off? They'll be rounding into form, fighting exhibitions here and there, and exercising to rid themselves of the stiffness they got while in service. It is because Joe and Billy are not in shape that the wise Mr. Jacobs didn't rush them into the battle of the century. Sure, the fans would have flocked to see Louis and Conn square off the minute they were

discharged. But it certainly wouldn't have made for a reproduction of the first match. By June they'll be bustin' out all over.

To keep the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight on the argumentative side, there are a few who believe that the return bout will never reach the peak of the first. And among those select few, we'll find individuals who don't think Joe Louis has a chance. Meet one of those pessimists. He's Charles Ray Douglas, former master sergeant, now honorably discharged from the army after two years of battles in North Africa, Fiji, Italy and France. Charles aspired to be a fighter. In fact, he was quite a sensation in Dallas, Texas, where he won Golden Glove titles. And

then, while he was in North Africa, he won the heavyweight championship in the Mediterranean Theatre tournament. So he is fairly well versed in the sport and at least rates the chance to tell what he thinks about the affair.

He was wounded severely in an amphibious attack and won't be able to put the gloves on again. He feels bad about it, but what hurts him most is that he never had a crack at Joe Louis. And he almost had the chance, too.

The champ showed up at the Fiji Islands on one of his numerous boxing tours for the men in the army and navy.

"I challenged Louis," recalls Charles. "But they told me he was only supposed to take on his spar-



With unexpected suddenness, Louis smashed the telling blow to Conn's jaw in the fatal round.

CHAMPION	AGE	RETIRED
John L. Sullivan.....	47	
James J. Corbett.....	37	
Bob Fitzsimmons.....	52	
James J. Jefferies.....	34	
Tommy Burns.....	39	
Jack Johnson.....	46	
Jess Willard.....	40	
Jack Dempsey.....	37	
Gene Tunney.....	30	
Max Schmeling.....	34	
Jack Sharkey.....	34	
Max Baer.....	32	
James Braddock.....	33	

This table is interesting. After Willard, who is considered an "old time" fighter, we find that the ages of retirement for all the remaining champs are about the same. In May, Joe Louis will be 32. If history runs true to form, he is near the end of his trail.

That's the picture as everyone waits patiently for the bout. In one corner is the champ, Joe Louis. This undoubtedly will be one of his last fights, and no champion cherishes a fonder hope than to retire unbeaten.

In the other corner is the challenger, Billy Conn, who has waited five years to show the world he won't make the same mistake twice. When that bell rings boxing history will be in the making.

The end of the fight, the champ walks to a neutral corner, the challenger lies motionless.

ring partners while on tour. I felt pretty good that day, and I would have liked to step in the ring with him. But that's getting away from the subject. Let me tell you why I think Louis will lose when he meets Conn.

"Those exhibition tours badly damaged Louis' chances of regaining his ability. They took that killer instinct out of him. And those easy bouts unconsciously gave him a habit of coasting and careless boxing. He could train from now until doomsday. He'll never beat Conn."

"But what about Conn?" this fearless American was asked. "He went through the same routine, too, didn't he?"

"I know, but don't forget Louis is three and a half years older. And that can make all the difference in the world."

It is doubtful, though, even if Louis does defend his crown successfully against Conn, whether he can fight much longer. Let's get a bit statistical and see at what ages some of the other heavyweight champs stopped fighting. The figures on this tell a story.



RELUCTANT STAR



Meet Esther Williams

Esther pauses a moment before she dives into the inviting breakers at a West Coast beach.



(Above) Caught through the lens of a special camera, Esther Williams exhibits under-water swimming perfection.

(Below) Miss Williams takes time off to enjoy a horse-back ride with an equally famous co-star, Van Johnson.

ESTHER WILLIAMS used to break records in collegiate swimming, but now she's breaking records at the box office. There's an amusing story which explains how this star got her first big break—how she went places because a producer liked her gumption and ability.

Billy Rose, the little man with the big shows, turned up in the West a few years back, looking for a lead for his Aquacade. He heard about the pretty young miss who put the University of Southern California's swimming team on the map, and decided to get in touch with her.

"If you hurry over, young lady, I'll give you a chance to try out for the Aquacade," Rose told her, expecting Esther to jump with joy.

"I'm sorry," answered the swimmer, "I have an appointment. I might be free at about five, though, if you're still interested."

Billy Rose was so amazed at this cool reply that he waited until five to see her.

He was well rewarded for his patience. Esther displayed such speed, form and poise that Mr. Rose quickly whipped out a contract for Esther's signature. She signed it, and she's been signing bigger and better contracts ever since.



Zooming down the long ski trail.



A skiing instructor leads an advanced class in downhill running.



A personal letter to all skiers, present and future, from America's foremost skiing authority

By OTTO EUGEN SCHNIEBS
President, The American Ski School

THE approach of winter makes many of our citizens shudder. For some reason or other they don't like the cold, wind and snow. However, to us who ski—from the veteran to the newcomer—those first cold winds and fine clean snowflakes promise a period of untold pleasure, experience and adventure.

You'll never breathe a cleaner or more healthy air than in the snowy winter, and you can always dress properly for the rigorous cold winds. But not all days are cold in winter, especially not the fine skiing days, when after ten minutes or so of skiing, you will take off your windbreaker. Many times in early springtime, you'll even remove your sweater, and enjoy skiing lightly dressed. Of course, the rule applies to skiing dress as to all other aspects of the sport—Be Reasonable. This rigorous outdoor exercise in the clear fresh air will

strengthen lungs, heart and entire body, and will sharpen your observation and reactions.

Skiing is easy to learn, but you must always be cautious. Skiing is first and foremost fun, recreation and education. It is also a constant challenge to be ever watchful for improvement, ever alert to master its technique. In this lies its great thrill and satisfaction. He who thinks he is perfect only deludes himself. I always pity the fellow who claims, usually around the fireplace in the hotel, that he never falls, because he could never know that beautiful feeling one gets when one finally stays up after many falls.

My friend Eugene DuBois once said "Skiing is the finest sport of the frozen months. More graceful than skating, more spectacular than the soaring of gliders, more speedy than bobsledding, bicycling, sculling or foot-racing, definitely more daring than polo, football or riding to hounds—skiing has



WELCOME



TO Skiing

universal appeal to the true sportsman. Skiing is for all. In it, it is the man who is master of his equipment—it is he who guides his own course where his will and judgment take him. Skiing brings the man closer to earth, takes him further from routine life than any other sport. Skiers need not confine themselves to the man-made tracks, the channels and the stadia of other games. Skiers know only the limitations of nature's snow, her trees, her rocks, her insurmountable altitudes."

Competitive skiing is the research department and laboratory of our great sport. It encourages better and safer equipment for better and safer skiing. It has helped to speed up the development of a beautifully simple system of rhythmical swings, turns and jumps, easily taught and readily learned.

In order to enjoy skiing fully, one must prepare for it physically. Any kind of sport, taken in reasonable quantity, is a welcome conditioner. Simple gymnastics, regularly done, will help those who don't have time for other sports. A relaxed wrist or foot will be much better than a stiff one.

The young skier, after some years of earnest study of ski technique, will probably enter competitive skiing. If he or she does, which I hope they will,

never forget that skis are, after all, only an instrument; a means through which one can enjoy winter in all of its glory and ruggedness; on which one can breathe clear fresh air, meet human beings in their true character, and forget the troubles of the world. However, if one enters competitive skiing only in order to win a silver cup and secure publicity, he will be overlooking some of the finest and most rewarding features of the sport.

When you are ready for competition, you should enter a race for the love of skiing, regardless of the outcome of the race. For you are entering a race to improve your skill and knowledge—knowledge which will help you to enjoy your skiing for years to come, and which you, in turn, will pass on to your son or to other younger skiers.

It takes time, work and much patience to become a topnotch cross-country, downhill or slalom runner, or a jumper, but it is certainly worth the effort.

In another article, a little later on, I shall tell you "How To Become A Champion Skier" and why, as I've always said, "Skiing Is Not Merely A Sport But A Way Of Life."

(Left) Precision in surroundings of majestic beauty.

(Below) The jump turn demonstrated by a youthful expert.





Navy blockers are down low as Clyde Scott follows his interference.

ARMY, NAVY AND THE REST



SPORT STARS takes a look at football for 1945 and picks its All-America team.

REVIEWING collegiate football for 1945 is easy. In fact, you can tell all about it in two four letter words, ARMY and NAVY.

These two mighty elevens which clashed before more than 100,000 fans for the mythical championship in Philadelphia December 1, so dominated the gridiron during the regular season's play that the Rose Bowl and other post-season games look as

small as the Lilliputians must have looked to Gulliver.

The won and lost records of the Cadets and Middies can be thrown out when you discuss how great they were. It would have made no difference whether they went through their schedules undefeated or whether they lost a couple of games. The two schools had the best teams in the nation. There might have been a few times when they didn't appear

like the champions of the country, but that was only natural. When teams are so good, they must have occasional letdowns. Football coaches and psychologists agree on this point.

What made the outfits at West Point and Annapolis the measure of football supremacy was their wealth of talent. Hard charging linemen and irresistible backs—the combination that spells "champion"—abounded in both

With superb blocking up front, Army's Doc Blanchard gets away.

Army's speedboy, Glenn Davis, racing for a touchdown.



schools. Every man on the starting team of Army and Navy was All-America material.

If you pick up any of the many All-America selections, you will better appreciate the kind of material these teams were operating with. We don't think any selector in the country picked his team without listing at least five players from the Cadets or the Middies. That they didn't select their entire team from the rosters

of Army and Navy, was just their way of showing that they saw others in action.

However, SPORT STARS is not going to be tossed out of bounds by the others. We're going to stay in bounds, and that means inside West Point and Annapolis. We think All-America means what it implies, and if you can find eleven men better than the ones we're going to mention on our team, let us hear about them.

POSITION	NAME	TEAM
Left End	Duden	Navy
Left Tackle	Coulter	Army
Left Guard	Green	Army
Center	Scott	Navy
Right Guard	Deramee	Navy
Right Tackle	Nemetz	Army
Right End	Pitzer	Army
Quarter Back	Kelly	Navy
Left Half Back	Davis	Army
Right Half Back	Jenkins	Navy
Fullback	Blanchard	Army

It was hard leaving out the eleven other Army and Navy men, we'll admit, but what's left could comprise our second team. Don't judge from all this that this reporter spent every Saturday afternoon in the lairs of Earl Blaik and Swede Hagberg. We didn't. We just think that this combination

is the best in the country. No other comes close to it. Of course, there are other good players. So, before you think that our father is a General and our uncle an Admiral, let's look at a team that is good, but which just doesn't have the Army-Navy team's power and deception:

POSITION	NAME	TEAM
Left End	Skoglund	Notre Dame
Left Tackle	Deal	Indiana
Left Guard	Kronoff	Holy Cross
Center	Van Dusen	Minnesota
Right Guard	Amling	Ohio State
Right Tackle	Hughes	Purdue
Right End	Bechtol	Texas
Quarter Back	Dancewicz	Note Dame
Left Half Back	Gilmer	Alabama
Right Half Back	Sarringhaus	Ohio State
Fullback	Mealey	Minnesota

Now that shapes up as a strong eleven. It has some bruising linemen and some fleet backs. But pit this team against the Army-Navy eleven, we selected and the result would be as lopsided as some of the scores Army and Navy rang up during the season.

1945 marked the second successive year that the service teams from West Point and Annapolis ruled the gridiron, and fans want to know how long this will continue. Well, it can't go on much

longer. The war brought the cream of the crop to coaches Blaik and Hagberg, and this rich flood inundated football fields throughout the country. But, after 1946, things ought to be pretty much back to normal, and the sway of Army and Navy will have come to an end. But what a mark these wartime service teams will have left behind them!

The men up front rarely make the big headlines. But the speed of Davis, the bull-like rushing of



Staunch Navy Captain,
Dick Duden—LEFT END.

A sure tackler, Coulter
of Army—LEFT TACKLE



(Left) John Green, Army
Captain—LEFT GUARD.



Navy's strong middleman,
Richard Scott—CENTER.



Bull blocker is Ed Deramee
of Navy—RIGHT GUARD.



Army's fastest lineman, Albert
Nemetz—RIGHT TACKLE.

Dick Pitzer, glue-fingered
Army flanker—RIGHT END.



A pile-driving plunger, hard to stop is Doc Blanchard of Army—FULLBACK.



(Above) Great on offense, Glenn Davis of Army—LEFT HALF BACK.



(Below) Navy's triple-threat star, Bobby Jenkins—RIGHT HALF BACK.



Notre Dame's gift to the Navy is the shifty Bob Kelly—QUARTERBACK.

Blanchard, the shiftiness of Kelly and the versatility of Jenkins would have been far less effective if the rocks of granite who did the blocking hadn't turned in such fine jobs. In other words, Army and Navy possessed well-coordinated units. That's what made them great. By themselves, the backfield stars would have been just some other football players. But molded into their units, brother, they were modern football personified!

Now, for a peek into the remaining part of the football picture for 1945, let's just mention some of the teams that stood out in their sections.

In the East, Columbia and Penn looked best, with Holy Cross a close third. The Crusaders had a better won-and-lost record, but the Lions and Quakers faced the stiffer opposition.

In the Western Conference, Purdue's upset of Ohio State turned the Big Nine picture into confusion. The Boilermakers seemed to have a better line than State, a close second. Indiana played good football in spots for third money.

Down in the land of cotton, Alabama knocked off Tennessee and was never headed thereafter. But here again competition means something. Duke's Blue Devils lost more games than 'Bama only because they had the toughies. Mark Duke for second place, and a good Vanderbilt outfit third.

The Texas Longhorns won the southwestern title, although S.M.U. and T.C.U. threatened.

Out where the roses grow all year 'round, U.S.C., for the third straight year, looks bowl-bound on their regular season's play. They were severely bumped by a service team but came back to atone for the loss. Washington was second best, and because of Cal Rossi, brilliant U.C.L.A. break-away runner, we select the Bruins third.

Notre Dame, with a good quarterback in Dancewicz, appeared the best of the independents.

Except for the various bowl games on the first of January, that's the picture that football presented in 1945. But as far as most fans were concerned, football ended with the final whistle of the Army-Navy game, December 1.



SPORT STARS IN THE MOVIES

(Above) Your score may be tops, but you are not a sport if you are intolerant, says Sinatra in **THE HOUSE I LIVE IN**. (RKO)

(Above) SHE WENT TO THE RACES—bet on James Craig's horse; won money for science building—and Craig! (MGM)

(Below) Smart Bobby Blake does hard riding to aid Bill Elliott (Red Ryder) in **CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH**. (Rep.)

(Below) Bing Crosby tells Ingrid Bergman how Dickie Tyler got a shiner in **THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S**. (RKO)



Fencing star Cornel Wilde plays Robin Hood's son in **THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST**. (Col.)



THE KITE IS SNARLED

Something has to pop when the David and Goliath of basketball meet

By HY TURKIN

OH, how The Kite flew high! Conference opponents of Campon College had bowed on the basketball court by scores like 84-28, 67-16 and similar figures that looked like the contrast of summer and winter temperatures. And it was all because of Freddie Pressman, The Kite.

Campon's crimson squad drew second spot in the eight-team seeding. They breezed through Hornell U. and State College. In the latter game, The Kite broke the all-time arena record for points in one game, but much of his elation faded an hour after he had set the mark. Sitting hunched in a circus seat, watching the top-ranked tourney team take a trimming from the Alton Aggies in the other

game of the semi-finals, The Kite was worried by what he saw.

The crowd was captivated by a nimble little Aggie, Midge Wheaton, whose floor work was unraveling the vaunted Carolina team. Oh, The Kite saw all that, and appreciated the masterful ball-handling of the 5-foot 6-inch Aggie ace. But that wasn't the cause of the frown of jealousy he wore. He was worried because of underhanded tricks he saw Midge getting away with. Certain of the outcome of the game, The Kite concentrated on Wheaton and detected repeated infractions that the crowd and officials—who kept following the ball rather than any individual player—missed.

That foreboding and outraged mood lingered with The Kite, so that he couldn't pay full attention to Pop Ross' pep talk just before the start of the title contest. But suddenly he caught some of the coach's words, "... and especially that Wheaton. Guard him closely, because he's a shrewd player, a capable player—"

"—and a dirty player!" interrupted The Kite.

Pop was startled. "Why do you say that? He hasn't fouled out of a game all year."

"Oh, I watched him closely Wednesday night, and he got away with murder."

"Bosh! These officials are among the best in the country, and they'll protect you, if you're worried about that little mouse."

The Aggies assigned their tallest player, 6-foot-5 Allen Dorfman, together with little Midge, to guard The Kite, with the other players deployed in a sliding zone defense. The double-detail guard didn't work, and The Kite sent the Campon team to a 15-3 lead in five minutes with a run of lay-ups.

The Kite was still keyed up, though, awaiting the little man's first foul. Suddenly it came. With Dorfman planted just in front of him and Wheaton in back, The Kite started to soar for a rebound from his own basket. But he never more than started. Midge had taken a grip on his belt and was holding him down as Dorfman leaped alone.

The Kite wheeled sharply and snarled at his tormentor, but the

words were drowned out by the roar of the crowd, signifying that Dorfman had tapped in the rebound. Wheaton impishly grinned and danced away. The Kite was going to protest to the officials, but a glance told him that they had been out of position to see the screened misdemeanor.

Boiling mad, The Kite let his anger affect his play. At halftime, the Campon lead was 28-23, but the cheers were mainly for the Aggies as they left the floor.

"Come on, fellows, wake up!" Pop Ross shouted in the lockers during intermission.

The second-half face-off again started The Kite off on the wrong psychological foot. "Goon, goon, you're a loon," chanted some Aggie rooters. Another section sang, "The Kite can't fight. The Kite can't fight."

During another under-basket play, Midge tugged his shorts again. Still no penalty.

Then Midge completed eight straight points from far out. The next time Wheaton dribbled down, The Kite came out to meet him
(Continued on page 58)



The Kite used his height to great advantage once he got the ball.



Every sports fan from six to sixty has been thrilled by some particular sporting event during his life. Some of us have been more fortunate than others in that we've been able to witness more than our share of sports spectacles. Since it's been my good fortune to be associated with the broadcast of sports during the last ten years, I've been asked to tell about my biggest sports thrills, so here they are

MY TEN GREATEST SPORTS THRILLS

By BILL STERN

Advisory Editor, Sport Stars
Sports Editor, The National Broadcasting Company

BECAUSE football gave me my first start in broadcasting, I'd like to begin with my greatest thrills in football.

Of all the Rose Bowl games I'd say the 1939 game between Duke and Southern California was the most breath-taking. Duke was undefeated, untied and unscored on during the entire 1938 season. The Dukes took the lead early in the 4th quarter when Tony Ruffa kicked a field goal, but with 40 seconds left to play, the Trojans came through with four completed passes to win the game, 7-3.

On November 2, 1935, the Irish of Notre Dame came up for their game with highly favored Ohio State. The Buckeyes ran up a 13-point lead in the first half, but the Irish—sparked by little Andy Pilney—came back to score three touchdowns in the second half to beat the vaunted Scarlet and Gray outfit from Columbus, Ohio. The winning Notre Dame touchdown was made with less than a minute to play. That 1935 team—although not the best in Notre Dame history—truly deserved the right to be called the Fighting Irish for the game that day.

I don't think we can speak of great football

Seabiscuit (inside) leads War Admiral by a nose in the stretch.



games without a mention of Army and Navy, because I think whenever great football games are discussed, the 1926 service battle will rank among the best of all time. Both teams were loaded with All-America players and there was plenty of scoring. However, the game was deadlocked in the last few minutes when Tom Hamilton kicked the extra point to tie the game at 21-21.

Moving along to golf for a moment: When Americans speak of great golfers, there is never any question but the name of Bobby Jones is given top rank. But I think if one top-flight performance was to be singled out, it would be the spectacular play of Gene Sarazen during the Augusta Masters Open in 1934. That day, little Gene shot an amazing double eagle to overhaul Craig Wood, despite the fact that when Sarazen was still out on the course, Wood was in the clubhouse ready to collect the winner's check.

My greatest thrill in horse racing came in 1938. The place was historic old Pimlico track. The occasion was the heralded match race between Seabiscuit and War Admiral—the famous Pimlico Special. War Admiral had been victorious in 8 of 9 starts that year, but the mighty Seabiscuit was more than ready for him and beat the Admiral by four lengths.

In 1939 Tony Galento had the

effrontery to step into the same ring with Joe Louis, but the New Jersey saloon keeper astounded the boxing world when he floored the Brown Bomber in the first round. Three rounds later Joe adjusted his sights and dropped Galento for the full count. This was one of the most action-packed bouts I've ever watched.

Although football is probably my favorite sport, I nevertheless have a soft spot in my heart for boats, and by the same token, I've always been a devotee of crew racing. Probably the biggest thrill I've ever had in that sport took place during the Poughkeepsie Regatta of 1930. That year you may recall, nine boats started but only two finished. The others were all swamped by rough water during the four-mile race.

Let's go from crew racing to foot racing. In 1936 a young colored runner came out of Ohio State and amazed the track world with his blinding speed. That summer he went to Germany as a member of the United States Olympic team and captured the 100-meter and 200-meter sprints. Then, despite Nazi efforts to unfairly disqualify him, he rocketed down the runway and set a new broad jump record of 26 feet. His name was Jesse Owens.

Two players on the same baseball team gave me my biggest thrills in that sport. The first

came from Wrigley Field, Chicago, during the 1932 World Series between the Chicago Cubs and the New York Yankees. One day during that series, a mighty figure of a man stood at home plate waving a bat back and forth. He was taking an unmerciful riding from the Cub fans and the entire Chicago team. Two strikes were called against him. Then he turned to the stands and pointed to a distant spot in the center-field bleachers. The next pitch came in. The great man took a vicious swing at the ball, and the little white horsehide sped like a bullet right to the spot where the batter had pointed. It was a home run, and the man who hit it was none other than the greatest slugger of all time—BABE RUTH.

Next to Ruth's dramatic clout I'd say that my other great thrill came one summer day in 1939 when a baseball player walked up to home plate in Yankee Stadium and in modest, cracking voice said: "I've been reading about the tough breaks I've been getting, but today I consider myself the luckiest man on earth." Those words were uttered by a very sick man, but he was making light of his great misfortune. Two years later he was dead, but whenever or wherever baseball is played, his name will live forever as one of the all time greats, because that player's name was Lou Gehrig.



(Left) Gene Sarazen driving out a long one during the 1934 Augusta Masters Open. This shot helped him to rally and beat Craig Wood.

(Right) Don Hill, Duke center, intercepts a Southern California pass and moves downfield in the last quarter of the 1939 Rose Bowl game.



(Below) - The finish of the 1930 Poughkeepsie Regatta, won by Cornell, one of the two boats which remained afloat in the four-mile race.



HOW TARZAN GOT THAT WAY

(continued from page 3)

Johnny used to come home crying, too. The boys in his neighborhood made fun of him and kidded him because he couldn't swim. Johnny was afraid of the water, but if he could stop the taunts of his friends and if the doctor thought it would help to build him up, he'd make up his mind to do it. And he did.

During the next five years, Johnny Weissmuller spent most of his time in Lake Michigan. His family had moved to Chicago, and the youngster took advantage of the near-by Lake Michigan.

The same boys who jeered at him when he couldn't swim, gathered around the lake to watch Johnny and pat him on the back every time he beat somebody else in a race. He was their idol.

When Weissmuller was sixteen, Bill Bachrach, coach of the Illinois Athletic Club and one-time mentor of the U. S. Olympic swimming teams, saw Johnny swim and decided then and there that he'd make an Olympic champ out of him. To Bachrach must go the credit for developing Weissmuller into the swimmer he is today.

"Form, form," persisted the coach. "Perfect your form and speed will come naturally."

For an hour a day he'd make Johnny swim with his arms holding a board. This taught the pupil how to kick correctly. Then, the next day, Bachrach would tell Weissmuller to swim for an hour with his feet encased in a rubber tube that kept them afloat. This taught the youth to relax in the water and use his arms perfectly.

Then the night Johnny was waiting for came. Bachrach put his arm around the boy's shoulders. "You're ready now, Johnny, for competition. I've entered you in the A.A.U. meet in Duluth."

Eight contestants lined the side of the pool in the 50-yard free-style event that afternoon in 1921. The gun cracked and the boys dove into the water. About 25 seconds later, the first one across the finish line was Johnny Weissmuller. He had won his first race—the first race he had ever competed in. Bachrach smiled proudly.

Johnny went on to win meet

after meet during the next three years. In 1924, when he was twenty, he found himself in Paris, a member of the United States Olympic team. When the Olympics were over, Weissmuller wasn't considered a member of the squad any longer. He was the entire team, a one-man show.

Before the team left for the French capital, Johnny was slated to swim in the 100-yard free-style, the relay and the water polo events. But illness to one of the squad forced Weissmuller to go in the 220- and 880-yard events, also. So, five times he was sent against the world's greatest swimmers and five times he came home first. It was the greatest demonstration of aquatic ability ever seen in Olympic competition.

His swimming prowess took him all over the world. He traveled to Europe four times, to Honolulu seven times, to Havana once, to Mexico once and to Japan. It was in the land of the rising sun, in 1928, that Johnny again appeared in the Olympics.

The first three events he was entered in, the 50-yard free-style, the relay and the water polo, he won handily. When the 100-yard event was called, observers felt that the speed-demon would win just as easily. Johnny was swimming according to form the first half of the race. He was out in front by five yards. Then, unexpectedly, something went wrong.

The Jap in the race, intentionally or unintentionally, got his leg caught with the American's at the midway mark. And in a flash all the contestants had passed Johnny Weissmuller. Weissmuller recovered his form and tore after the field. In an amazing burst of speed, the powerful arms of the American entry brought him a hand's length victory over the Jap. Weissmuller's recovery and speed in that race can be best illustrated by the fact that he tied the world's record for the distance. Imagine what would have happened if the Jap hadn't got in his way!

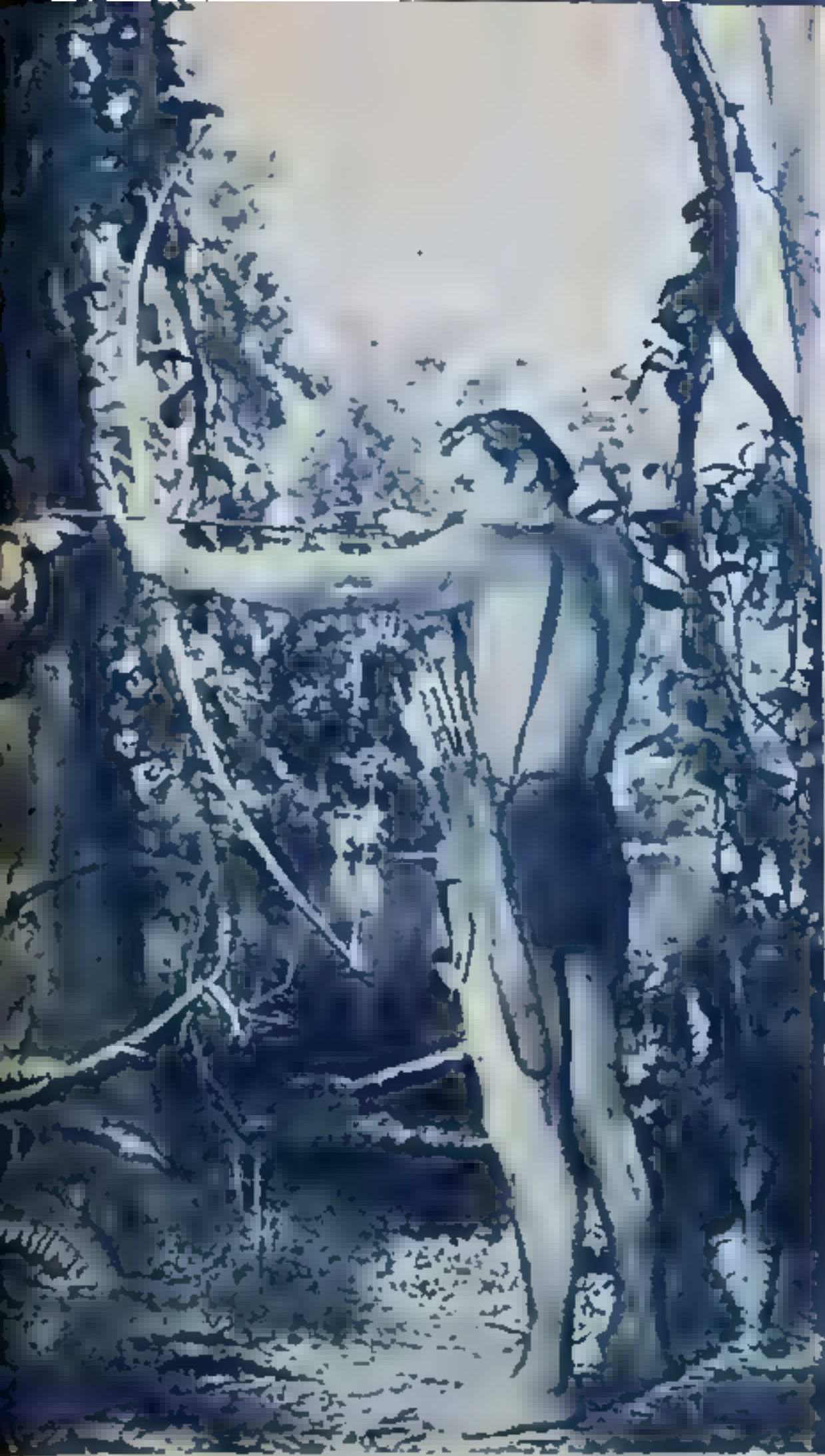
The Japs begged him to stay after the Olympics as an instructor. However, Johnny must have been psychic. "I didn't like them,

even then," he confesses today.

From 1921-1930, Johnny Weissmuller was the international swimming champion. In that time he won 67 national first places and broke 50 world's records, 50 per cent of which still stand.

One of his records looks like it never will be bettered, the 100-yard free-style. His time for this is 51 seconds flat. This distance is the one most frequently used in competitive swimming, and yet no one has come within two seconds of it. Tennis has had other Tildens, track other Nurmis, golf other Jones', football other Granges since the Golden Age of sports, but swimming has never had another Johnny Weissmuller.





(Above) Tarzan takes careful aim as he spots an unsuspecting animal. The perfect form rivals that of the best archer.

(Left) Tarzan is calling the apes for a pow-wow. This call is as traditional as the Tarzan pictures and Weissmuller himself.

(Below) This is the Tarzan family in a dramatic moment. Robert Sheffield, the son, Brenda Joyce, the mate, and Tarzan.

With his fame spread over the globe for his exploits in the water, it wasn't long before the big-wigs in Hollywood became interested.

Johnny was in the movie capital for a swimming exhibition in the fall of 1932 when they first took notice of his exceptional physique. Cyril Hume, the novelist, was watching Weissmuller practice at the Hollywood Athletic Club and decided that the screen was missing out on someone worth-while.

Hume knew that over at M.G.M., director Woody Van Dyke was looking for a lead to play in Edgar Rice Burroughs' "Tarzan the Ape Man."

Weissmuller made one screen test and was signed for the job. He always recalls that first film he made. Don't think it was simple for him to get acquainted with the animals. It wasn't. The director told him a lion he was to battle in one of the scenes was as tame as a kitten. What a kitten! He ripped a huge gash in Weissmuller's right side, and the scar is still evident.

Cheeta, the perennial monkey in the series, caused Johnny many moments of embarrassment, too. The chimp was constantly trying to tear the loin cloth off the star, and the set was usually a scene of hilarity as the 6 ft. 4 in. he-man

tried to ward off the advances of Cheeta without hurting her.

Weissmuller's friends were really the elephants. They took to each other like he takes to water. That's one part of any Tarzan picture that is real to life, and Johnny rarely lets a day pass that he doesn't come down to the studio to see the large animals.

He lives cleanly, a symbol for American youth to follow. He doesn't smoke or drink, and keeps vigorous training and dietary habits. Every morning at eleven and every afternoon at four, when he isn't working, you'll find him at a pool. Of course, today he's much older than when he was winning titles in the Olympics, but when Weissmuller enters any pool, he's instantly the cynosure of all eyes—men and women alike.

Johnny is a swell guy to know. He's always friendly and cheerful and thinks nothing of breaking away from a party of friends to offer some suggestions to a mediocre swimmer. One of his great hopes, when the Olympics are resumed, is to find a protege and develop him or her into a champ.

Johnny's main ambition, and this one isn't so secret, is eventually to become a cowboy star. He doesn't expect this aspiration to



materialize overnight, but after making "Tarzan and the Leopard Woman," which was the tenth and latest in his series, Johnny is anxious for a change. He's not tired of the animals or vice versa but he'd like to take a crack at the other, just for fun.

"The only trouble I might find," tells the Ape Man with a twinkle in his eye, "people won't recognize me with clothes on."

An amazing thing about the Tarzan roles is that Weissmuller doesn't speak much. In his first picture, in 1932, all he said was, "Me Tarzan—you, Jane." As the pictures came along, they gave him more to say. In his current film, he speaks all of seventy-five lines. This is about one-tenth as much as a star making Weissmuller's money usually says. Maybe there's something more to swimming than we've heard of.

The development of the Tarzan series is an interesting one. The first couple of pictures were designed to have the Ape Man battle lions and tigers, and swing from tree to tree. The idea of the picture was to please the kids and thus romance was left out. But, thought the producers, why not please the children and adults at the same time? Let Tarzan kill crocodiles and wild animals. Let him ride the backs of elephants, but bring a pretty girl into the picture, too.

Maureen O'Sullivan was the first jungle Jane. After six films, she called it quits. Then, Brenda Joyce was signed and she's been the mate ever since.

The producers began thinking again. How about a junior Tarzan? Sure, it sounded swell. They found Johnny Sheffield in 1939, made him Tarzan's son and little Johnny has done excellently from then on, following Weissmuller.

In all of the films with one exception, "Tarzan and the Amazons," the locale has been the heart of darkest Africa. With elaborate exterior settings, location trips and lengthy shooting schedules, each Tarzan picture costs about one million dollars to produce. But the profits keep rolling in. For instance, one of the earliest movies, featuring Weissmuller, is still playing to capacity houses in Australia and South

America and parts of the U. S.

It is wondered, nowadays, whether the Tarzan pictures can maintain the high box office appeal they have had in the past. Well, that can be answered logically enough. There will always be kids and adults, won't there? Of course, Johnny Weissmuller can't go on playing the lead forever. He's still a crack swimmer and as agile as when he first started, but the day must come when he'll have to say good-by to Cheeta and the rest. With the training that little Tarzan, Johnny Sheffield, has gotten during the past six years, it's not too far-fetched to assume that he could be the papa of the series some day. Weissmuller thinks so and he should know.

When the day comes when Weissmuller must say good-by to the role he made famous, he will have left a lasting mark. When you stop to consider that the only movie work he ever did before Tarzan was a sports short, his record is all the more remarkable.

Some of you kids might want to know how to grow up to be like Tarzan. Well, that's easy. Let's see what he does, and perhaps we can gather some interesting data.

The first thing he suggests is exercise. And through swimming, he maintains, all the exercise needed for a growing child is provided. If circumstances do not permit swimming all year around, then there's baseball, football, basketball, hockey, horseback, etc. "Anything that keeps you moving," volunteers Johnny.

Johnny loves to exercise and will spend months, between pictures, running off somewhere to shoot golf, ride horses, play tennis or try anything that needs energy to do. When the game of jai-alai invaded this country from Mexico, he was one of the first Americans to take a crack at it.

For those kids who can't swim, Weissmuller recommends the following: Stick your feet inside a tire tube and use only your arms. Then after you learn to do this well, which is the basic part of swimming, you must learn to kick well. Hold on to a side of the pool with your arms outstretched and kick up and down. This will develop the legs and teach you how

to use them correctly. Weissmuller also stresses that overdoing these exercises isn't good, and that plenty of rest should be taken between each. Most of all, don't be discouraged if you can't master them at once. Remember, Johnny Weissmuller, at one time, couldn't swim a stroke.

What does Weissmuller eat? For breakfast, it's cereal, fresh fruit, boiled eggs, milk and toast. For lunch, just a salad and milk. For supper, which is the big meal for him, soup, a good meat course, fresh vegetables, milk and dessert.

Johnny Weissmuller is forty-one today, but he still lives by the rules just mentioned. And since they've made him one of America's greatest athletes and film stars, it looks as though he's giving sound advice.

Those uninviting teeth on the two baby lions Weissmuller is holding don't seem to scare Tarzan in the least.



MAC MITCHELL IS AT IT AGAIN!

Back from the Navy, this track star is now setting his sights on a fabled target... the four-minute mile

By GILBERT COSTA

NOW that Leslie MacMitchell is running again, the United States stands a good chance of regaining the track spotlight which was focused on Sweden during the war years.

This native New Yorker, who was the country's best miler before he entered the Navy in 1942, once more has the fans buzzing about a four-minute mile.

Leslie, of course, will need additional time and training before we can expect him to tear off mile runs equal to those of the two gentlemen from across the ocean, Gundar Hagg and Arne Andersson. But if anyone is going to match the speed of the "Swede Twins" within the next few seasons, it will be MacMitchell.

On February 27, 1937, when he was sixteen, Leslie MacMitchell showed that he would bear watching in years to come with a smashing performance at Madison Square Garden. Competing in the National High and



Les MacMitchell, the pupil and Emil Von Elling, the teacher.

Prep School championships for George Washington High School of New York City, Leslie won the mile by 60 yards in the incredible time of 4:23.6. It was the fastest indoor schoolboy mile ever run. Since then, that mark has been bettered only once.

Thirteen months later, Leslie MacMitchell was running his last scholastic race, and the speedboy set a blistering pace for the first three quarters. MacMitchell was out in front by 50 yards. But could he better his own mark? The gun cracked for the eighth and last lap.

Leslie turned on his sprint and the clockers waited for him to break the tape. Five minutes later, the announcer said, "The time and new world's record . . ." The roar of the fans drowned out the announcement of the time. In the official book it is listed as 4.22.2 and it looks as though it will stand for a long time.

As soon as Leslie MacMitchell entered New York University, he started breaking records. On May 13, 1939, he cracked the mile and half-mile frosh records. In fact, his time for the mile was two and a half seconds faster than that made in the varsity race. Track enthusiasts at NYU couldn't wait for MacMitchell's freshman year to pass.

When MacMitchell reported to varsity coach Emil Von Elling

the following year, a combination was begun that was to blaze a name in college competition throughout the country.

Von Elling knew MacMitchell was good. But he knew he could be better. And although Les couldn't help realizing his own ability, never, in all this time, did he think he was too big for his track shoes. Whenever the coach offered suggestions or advice, MacMitchell was quick to heed.

It was not uncommon to see MacMitchell's name in the headlines for a sterling performance at Madison Square Garden in a mile run one week, and then to learn from the back pages of another sport section that he had won a five-mile race in Hoboken the week after. There was hardly any event in which Les didn't compete while at NYU. And there was scarcely a time when he was defeated in any of them.

In his junior year, Leslie MacMitchell had his closest race. February 15, 1941, was the date, and the occasion was the annual Baxter Mile at Madison Square Garden before 14,000.

The fans rose in their seats as the two leaders came around the last turn. With fifty yards to go, Leslie MacMitchell of NYU and Walter Mehl of Wisconsin were head and head. With 20 yards to go they seemed even closer. And when the tape broke,

not one of the spectators could identify the winner.

Then the official announcement—"Winner of the NYAC's Baxter Mile, Leslie MacMitchell."

"What about the time?" everyone asked, certain that the furious pace at the end of the race had helped to establish a record. It had! The mark was 4:07.4 and tied all existing records, with the exception of the 4:04.4 mile run by Glenn Cunningham at Dartmouth's specially built, six-lap, indoor track in 1938.

That record of Cunningham's has long been the target of controversy. Up in Hanover, the mile is run in six laps, two fewer than at the Garden. Those who won't accept Cunningham's mark base their opposition on the fact that turns take time, and the opposition to the Dartmouth record includes a goodly number of track experts and fans. However, many



With a driving finish, Les MacMitchell beats Don Burnham and Bill Hulso in a mile race at Triborough Stadium.



believe that when the four-minute mile is realized, it will not be on an indoor track, but rather on an outdoor oval. So, we have in prospect more arguments, as Arne Andersson and Gundar Hagg have already run the distance in 4:01.5, but their time was achieved on outdoor tracks, which are better on the feet than the composition or board floors of the indoor arenas. Be that as it may, let's get back to Leslie.

Among MacMitchell's achievements in his senior year at NYU were his winning of the I.C.4-A title for the third straight year, his fifth consecutive triumph in New York City's Metropolitan Cross Country Meet (he won this race by the length of a football field), and his winning of every major mile race.

He was also awarded the James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy, which goes each year to the

amateur athlete who, by his performance, example and influence, has done the most to advance the cause of sportsmanship.

The Navy turned Leslie MacMitchell down twice because, they claimed, he had a weak heart. This didn't sound too plausible in the face of this young American's track fame, so, on his third try, the physicians threw up their hands and accepted him.

MacMitchell spent the next years on a cruiser as a deck officer. He participated in the North African, Sicilian and Salerno invasions, and he took part in the Marianas, Rota, Guam, Iwo, Chichi, Palau, Cebu, Mindanao, Samar and Leyte and Philippine campaigns.

While the NYU alumnus was winning battle stars and ribbons all over the world, he kept in constant touch with events in the track world. In his free time, he would run around the deck of his cruiser. Then, when he went ashore, he used the sandy island roads for lengthy jaunts. And, as he traveled, he read of the continuing exploits of Gundar Hagg and Arne Andersson.

These two Swedes had been monopolizing long-distance racing. On their American tours, they had beaten all competition. A few Americans, like Gil Dodds and Bill Hulse, had given Hagg and Andersson close races. But gen-

erally, the tape was broken first by Hagg or by Andersson.

Thousands of miles away, Leslie MacMitchell dreamed of the day when he would be out of the Navy running against the tireless Swedes. He thought of the great foreign distance runners of the past, Paavo Nurmi of Finland, Sidney Wooderson of Great Britain, and Jack Lovelock of New Zealand. Glenn Cunningham, Chuck Fenske and Gene Venzke, representing America, had given the runners from across the ocean stiff battles. But those Americans had retired. It was up to someone else to maintain the good record they had left behind.

The days rolled on. Then, it was August 14, 1945, the day the Mikado and his men cried enough. That day meant millions of Americans would be coming home. One of them was Leslie MacMitchell.

It didn't take this young man long to map his post-war plans. He wanted to settle down with his beautiful wife, Mary. He wanted to take his master's degree in education so that he would be able to teach. And he wanted to run again, as soon as possible.

Twenty-five-year-old MacMitchell doesn't need encouragement, but he gets it just the same. One booster is Emil Von Elling, the man who taught him the tricks of running. Says this astute coach, when asked if his former star can regain the stride that won him distinction, "He'll never lose his smoothness, his form and his speed. All he needs is conditioning and racing. Les has as good chance as any man living to run the four-minute mile." And Mr. Von Elling has heard of Hagg and Andersson, too.

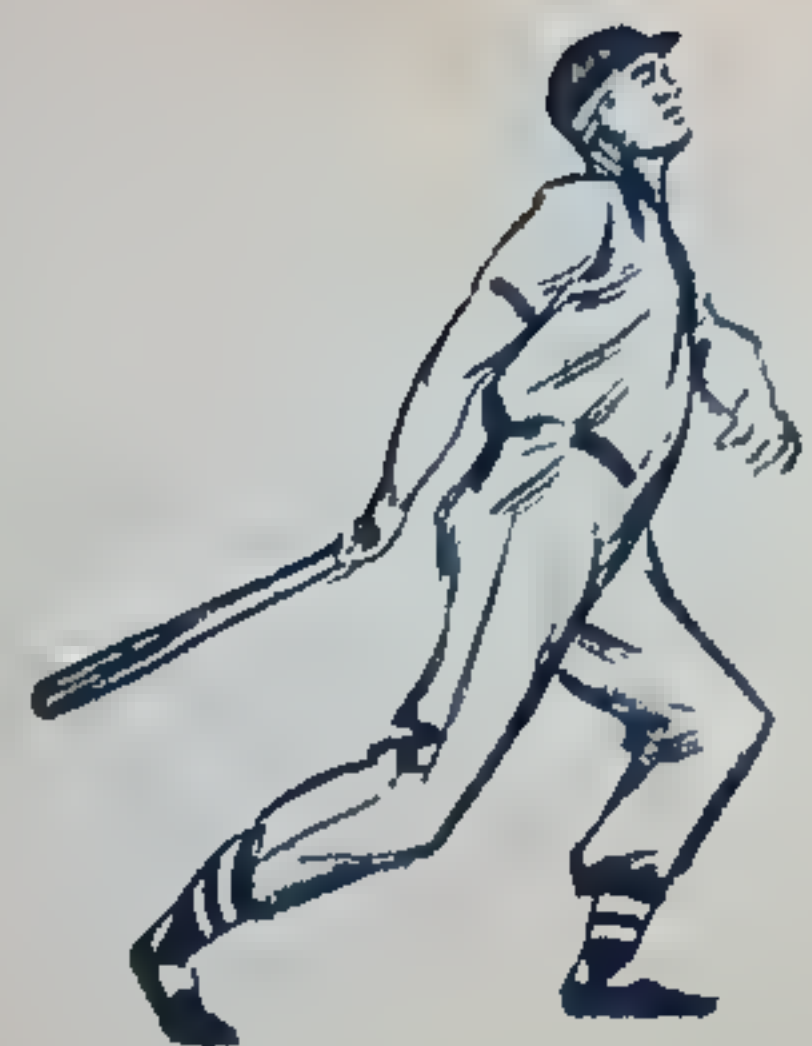
His pretty wife will tell you, "I know that I'm his second love, and track is his first. If ever there was a fire burning in anyone, it is in Les."

Leslie MacMitchell will play a very prominent part in the indoor track season when it gets under way again in February. His participation means thrills galore. Right now, he's running cross-country, and doing lots of other training to get in shape. And he's dreaming of the day when he'll be able to line up against Arne Andersson and Gundar Hagg.

The NYU star leads the parade after the first lap of the Baxter Mile. At the end of the eighth and last lap, Les was still in front.

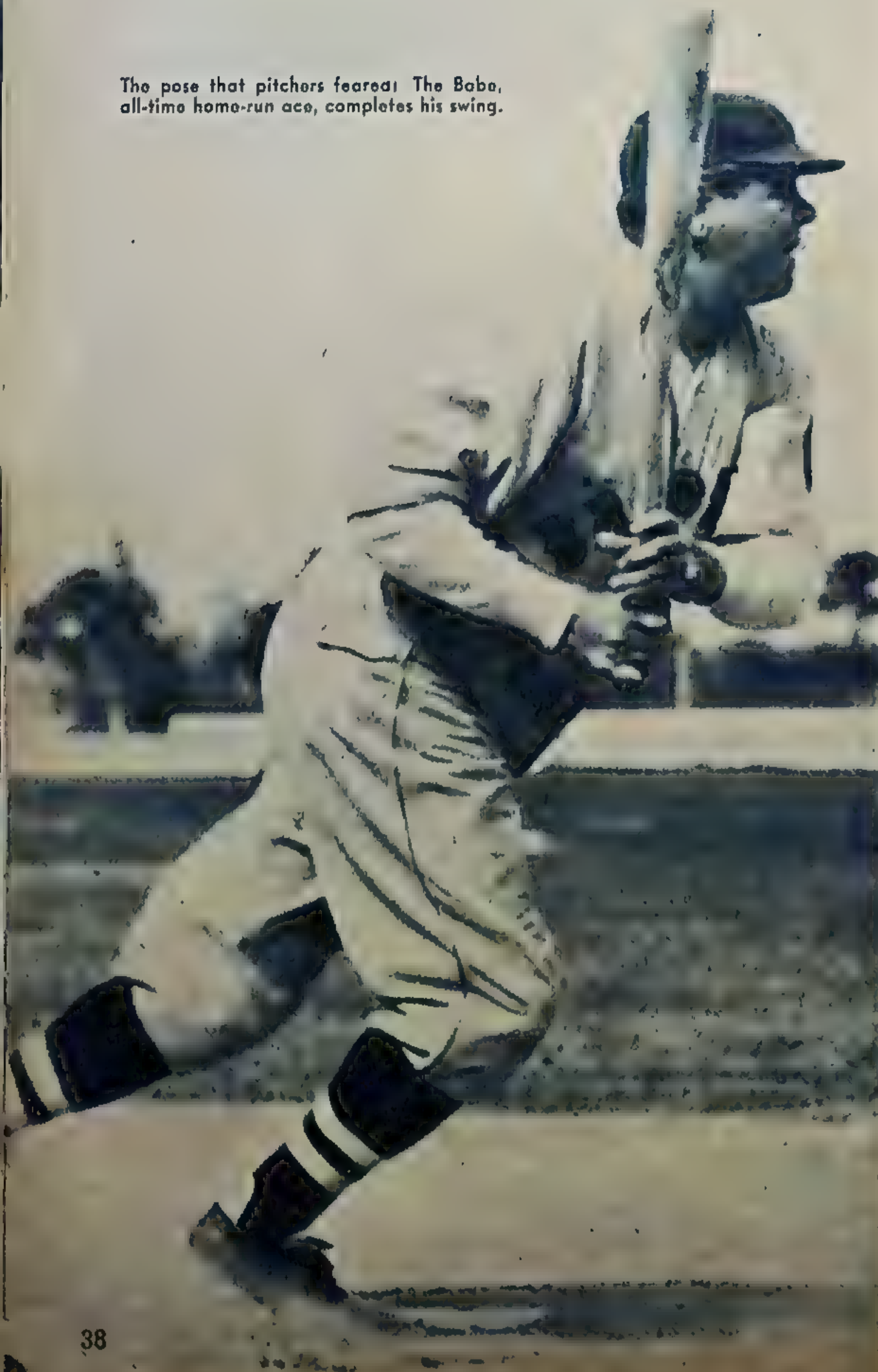


While Leslie was in the Navy, Hagg and Andersson finished 1-2 regularly.



RUTH WAS

The pose that pitchers feared! The Babe, all-time home-run ace, completes his swing.



ON a May evening twelve years ago, six boys in a Passaic, N. J., orphan asylum peered through their windows, which overlooked the railroad tracks, and watched the flashes of lightning and torrents of rain. Soon, the relentless down-pour washed the roadbed away from underneath the rails.

Then, one of the orphans remembered that the express out of Jersey City was due at any minute. It didn't take the kids long to realize the consequences if that train came through. There was no trackwalker in sight, and there wasn't time to phone ahead and stop the express.

Unhesitatingly, they grabbed raincoats and raced through the corridor, down the stairs and out the door to the railroad tracks.

In between the rails they ran, three on one side, three on the other. They weren't wearing their raincoats. They were waving them above their heads.

As the next flash of lightning broke the darkness, they spied the headlight of the speeding train. They ran faster and faster and shook their coats harder and harder, refusing to budge from between the rain-beaten rails.

There was another flash of lightning and the engineer of the roaring express saw these six youngsters signalling frantically. He lunged for the brake, and seconds later the express came to a jarring halt—fifteen yards from the heroic orphans.

Awhile later, when police and railroad officials appeared on the scene, the boys were told that they could have anything they desired as a reward.

The smallest of the six stepped forward to speak for the group.

"We don't want anything special as a reward, mister," he told the white-haired vice president

THEIR REWARD

This story of Babe Ruth and six orphans is twelve years old but still remembered

By LEON HELEN

of the railroad, "But could you please let our hero, Babe Ruth, know what we did?"

The great Bambino was in Cleveland with the Yankees when he received the telegram telling him of the orphans' wishes. To each, Ruth sent a separate reply, inviting them to be his guests when the team returned to the Yankee Stadium.

When the club came back from the West, the six enthralled boys completely forgot about their hero-

ism. For there they were, recipients of autographed balls, and sitting in the New York dugout with their hero, Babe Ruth. What a guy Babe was off the field, too!

It is difficult to picture baseball without Ruth. From 1915, when he was the ace pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, until that mournful day twenty years later when he closed the pages on the greatest demonstration of batting ever witnessed, the accomplishments of George Herman Ruth have been

unparalleled. He gave to the game its biggest drawing card, the home run, hitting 714 of them during his stay in baseball. The closest anyone has come to that number is Jimmy Foxx with 532.

During this period there was always something to write about him. And yet, when he was handed his unconditional release from the game, he was not forgotten and never will be forgotten. A story like that of the orphans more than bears this out.

The six orphans from Passaic came over to the Yankee Stadium, and what a welcome they received! Here, Babe Ruth and the late George Ruppert, owner of the Yanks, stand together with the six kids. The boys are wearing uniforms that Ruth and his teammates bought.



IRRESISTIBLE ON ICE

Maurice Richard is making hockey history

By HY TURKIN



Howie Morenz at the peak of his career.



Ching Johnson, another all-time great.

ABSOLUTELY irresistible on ice! Those words might describe scrumptious Sonja Henie, or a double-dip float . . . but today we're applying the tag to Maurice (Rocket) Richard, absolutely the "hottest" thing on ice in the history of the National Hockey League.

Last season, Richard started the old-timers arguing vehemently with the young hockey fans by scoring 50 goals in 50 games, an all-time league record. Was the colorful French-Canadian worthy of mention in the same breath with the all-time all-stars of the game, or was his record just one of those wartime flukes against 4F competition?

The new hockey followers naturally are all agog over the Flying Frenchman, who is easily the greatest player they've ever seen. But at least two old-timers are willing to rate him with the best, after watching his play for 1944-1945.

The first hats-off comes from Lester Patrick, canny Ranger boss, who says, "Richard has the same unstoppable burst of speed that accounted for much of Howie Morenz' effectiveness."

The other accolade from an ice veteran comes from Joe Malone, who was in the stands that night early in '45 when The Rocket shattered Joe's 27-year-old record for goals scored in one season. Says Malone:

"Richard is one of those players who come along only once in a great while. There's no doubt of his class. When he swings, he makes the puck 'take off' in a rising shot betokening the power of a Babe Dye, and he always comes in swinging like Jack Darragh of the old Ottawas, one of the

Maurice Richard (face to camera) ready to shoot puck goal-ward in a game with the New York Rangers.



greatest wings of all time. He has a low, hard shot, is a real strong-man, an opportunist and a fighter—in other words, Richard would have been an outstanding player in any era!”

True, Malone's mark of 44 goals was set in only 22 games back in the first World War, as compared with Richard's 50 games. But back in Joe's day, a forward played the full 60 minutes, whereas stream-lined play of today keeps a front-liner on the ice for only one-third of the game. If The Rocket had put in as many minutes of playing time as Malone had in '18, he might have scored 66 goals.

Le Bonhomme Richard, as some sports scribes have tagged him, is the 24-year-old son of Onesime Richard, well-known semi-pro baseball slugger. The Rocket is a fine ballplayer himself, and has further versatility in sports, for he's a crackerjack swimmer and boxer. As to the last-named talent, Bob Dill, scrappy defenseman of the Rangers, can well testify, for in a wild-swinging fracas between them at Madison Square Garden last Winter, Dill came away with a "shiner" that didn't fade for two weeks.

In his first two seasons with the Montreal Canadiens, Richard was side-lined by injuries. His uncontrolled speed caused him painful collision souvenirs, and he broke first his left ankle, then his left wrist, and finally the right ankle.

Much of Richard's success is due to the guileful guidance of the Canadiens' coach, Dick Irvin. Despite the fact that The Rocket swings left-handed, which normally calls for placement in the left-wing slot, Irvin got the idea that his speedy prospect might untrack himself better in the right wing. It was an unusual move, for in the last decade only Bryan Hextall and one or two others have been left-handers in the right wing. Irvin, once a fine player himself, spent time teaching The Rocket to control his skates so as to elude the crashing charges of defensemen.

The "course" was completed in the fall of '44, and Irvin finally unleashed his scoring threat. The Rocket proceeded to break all goal-making records in sight. He



A close-up of the league's leading goal-getter, Maurice Richard of Montreal.

keystoned a line that also included Elmer Lach and Toe Blake, and among the three of them they corralled 220 points, far surpassing all records for a forward trio in their league.

Rocket Richard's true value is being proven this season, for he's come up against prewar stars who are returning from the service—like Detroit's Jack Stewart, Boston's Frank (Zero) Brimsek, the Ranger's Art Coulter and Toronto's Syl Apps.

The quartet just mentioned are two defensemen, a goalie and a wing, all of whom gained prominence before they left for the service. They've been skating and defending against Maurice for almost a month now and, to see The Rocket keep up with them, you'd think he'd been around as long as

they have. Of course, the season still has three months to go, but if Richard keeps up his present pace until the end of the season, a lot of the pessimists are going to eat their words.

Will he last? Unless an unlucky injury hobbles him again, there's no reason why he shouldn't hold his own in the front ranks for many years to come. There are few stronger men around. For example, he approached his coach before one game last season and said, "Don' expect' much tonight. I had to move my whole 'partment furniture, t'ree block. Couldn' get wagon, so brudder and me, we carry all furniture on back de afternoon." He was tired all right, but he went out and set a new scoring record by notching five goals and three assists!

OLD MacDonald had a farm. Old man Breadon had a farm, too. I'm not sure whether these two farmers know each other intimately, but they do have a good deal in common. They both raise chicks. But it seems that the owner of the St. Louis Cardinals has a better brand. He

even has nicer names for his assortment—names like Musial, Moore, Slaughter, Litwhiler, Cooper, Beazley, White, Lanier, Pollet, etc.—all products of the St. Louis farm system. And when Mr. Breadon goes to market he's going to get a tidy sum for any of his chicks, a sum that poor Mr. MacDonald couldn't get even if he threw in all his cows, geese, horses, ducks and pigs.

By next spring, when all his men are back from the service, Mr. Breadon will be the richest man in baseball. By the same token, there's nothing to prevent his Cardinals from leaving the seven other entries in the league at the barn door while they merrily trot away with the race. This is due, of course, to the fact that he is laden with talent, too much of it. He has enough to field the best team in the loop, and the surplus of players will bring him large amounts of cash. It certainly is a profitable kind of farming that Mr. Breadon went in for nearly twenty years ago.

Just before Columbia ended its successful football season, we dropped over to Morningside Heights to talk with Lou Little, the school's dynamic coach. Lou hasn't been so happy since that golden New Year's Day in 1934 when he took an underdog Lion eleven to Pasadena and upset a deceptive Stanford eleven in the Rose Bowl Game, 6-0.

The coach stopped looking back at his successful '45 season for a moment to talk about his favorite subject, rule changing. Lou always has taken an avid interest in the rule book. In fact, he's written off many of its sections and amendments during his tutoring days.

THE SPORTS BOWL

By GILBERT COSTA



"The first change," explains Little, "will tend to put football back on the foot (field goals), while the second will increase the use of specialists. That's what the fans like to see—the best passer in for a vital pass, the best kicker falling back for a punt, etc." Looks

like some hectic debates are in store for the rules committee when it convenes.

This is the time of year when the football writers are selecting their All-America teams. I won't do it here because you'll find my selections in the football review which begins on page 24.

I WONDER DEPT.: I WONDER if the competitors in basketball, hockey and boxing at Madison Square Garden know that this month is the twentieth anniversary of the famous arena. . . . I WONDER if and when another pro-football league is formed, whether it will wreck the game. I don't think the sport is far enough advanced to warrant another league. . . . I WONDER if the Brooklyn baseball Dodgers aren't the team to watch in years to come. Branch Rickey, the president, was the man responsible for getting Sam Breadon's St. Louis Cardinals' farms under way when El Brancho was connected with the Redbirds. . . . I WONDER where the 1948 Olympics will be held. . . . I WONDER what the outcome of the Happy Chandler confusion will be. If the amiable Kentuckian makes good, those thousands of hats now being thrown at him will be waved for him. . . . I WONDER if Ed Burns, one of the official scorers in the last World Series, didn't set a precedent by publicly admitting the scorers had been wrong on the Greenberg fiasco. . . . I WONDER if wrestling will blossom again. Just ten years ago, 20,000 people jammed Madison Square Garden to see a championship bout. . . . I WONDER if you fans won't write me what you think about SPORT STARS. . .

"I don't like the 1945 rule governing the use of hands," Lou says. "This rule makes the blocker keep his hands against his body. It's impractical because the hands will leave the chest as soon as they make contact." Lou has something there. Look for this rule to be abolished.

New rules? Lou has ideas on them, too. He thinks the goal posts should be down on the goal line instead of ten yards back. He also believes that the collegians should follow the big boys in allowing unlimited substitutions without stopping the clock.

SPORTS QUIZ

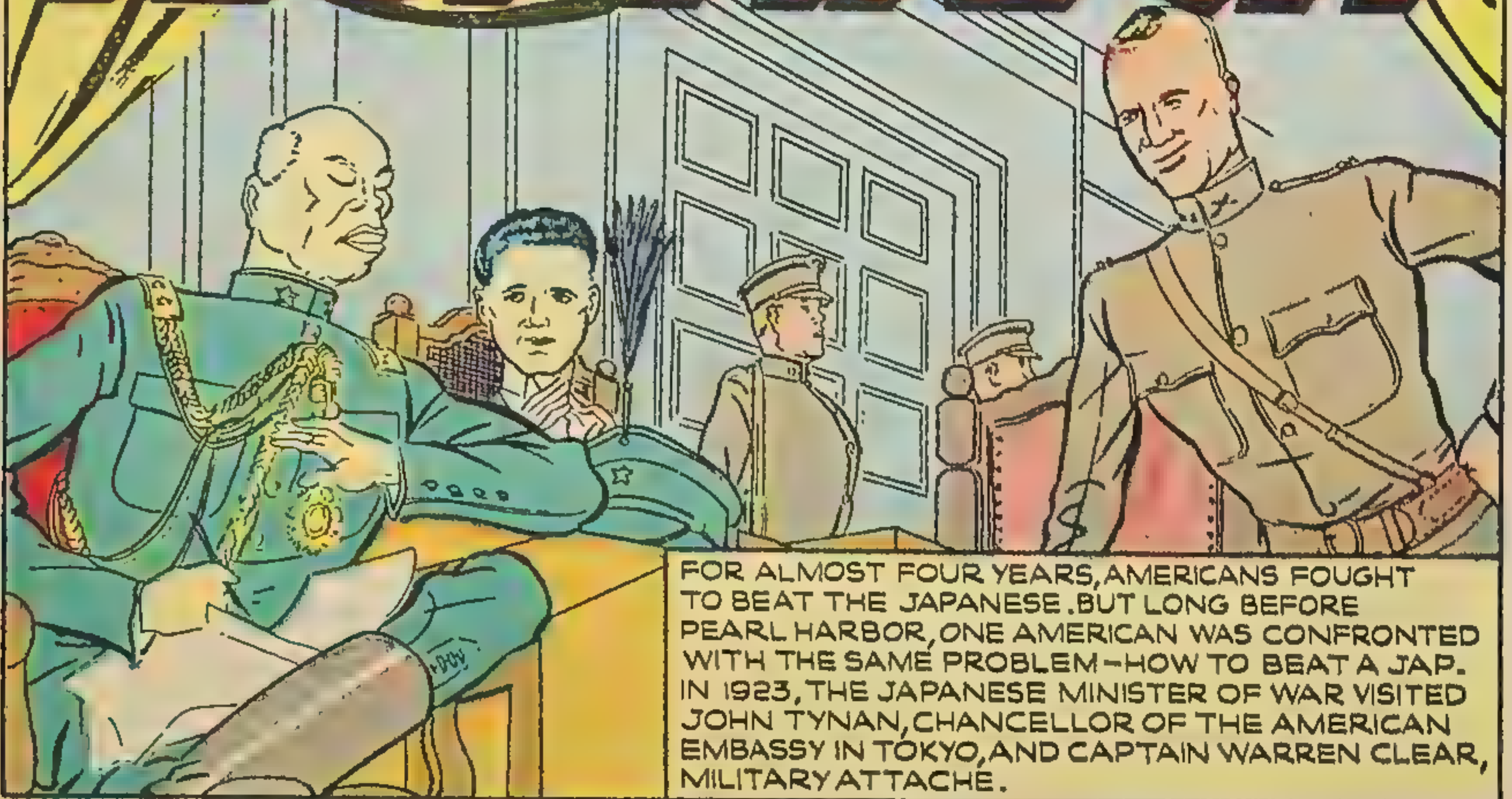
Answers on Page 50

Here are ten problems which should be answered True or False.

1. The first National Leaguer to win the Most Valuable Player Award was Dazzy Vance.
2. The nickname of the University of Oklahoma is "The Sooners."
3. Mel Ott hit the most homers in the National League in 1945.
4. Joe Louis never lost a professional fight.
5. Babe Ruth never played in the National League.
6. The "blue line" is used in polo.
7. Dr. Naismith was the inventor of basketball.
8. The last Olympics were held in 1940.
9. Gregory Rice holds the record for the two-mile run.
10. Detroit's World Series win was its second since 1901.



TEST MATCH



FOR ALMOST FOUR YEARS, AMERICANS FOUGHT TO BEAT THE JAPANESE. BUT LONG BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, ONE AMERICAN WAS CONFRONTED WITH THE SAME PROBLEM—HOW TO BEAT A JAP. IN 1923, THE JAPANESE MINISTER OF WAR VISITED JOHN TYNAN, CHANCELLOR OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN TOKYO, AND CAPTAIN WARREN CLEAR, MILITARY ATTACHE.

DURING THE EVENING...

CAPTAIN CLEAR DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT A JU—JITSU EXPERT CAN DEFEAT A GOOD BOXER? PERHAPS THE CAPTAIN WILL CONSENT TO FIGHT WITH A JU—JITSU EXPERT.

ON ONE CONDITION, THAT CERTAIN RULES BE MADE CONCERNING THE BOUT. WE WILL ALL BE BOUND, AS GENTLEMEN, TO LIVE UP TO THEM.



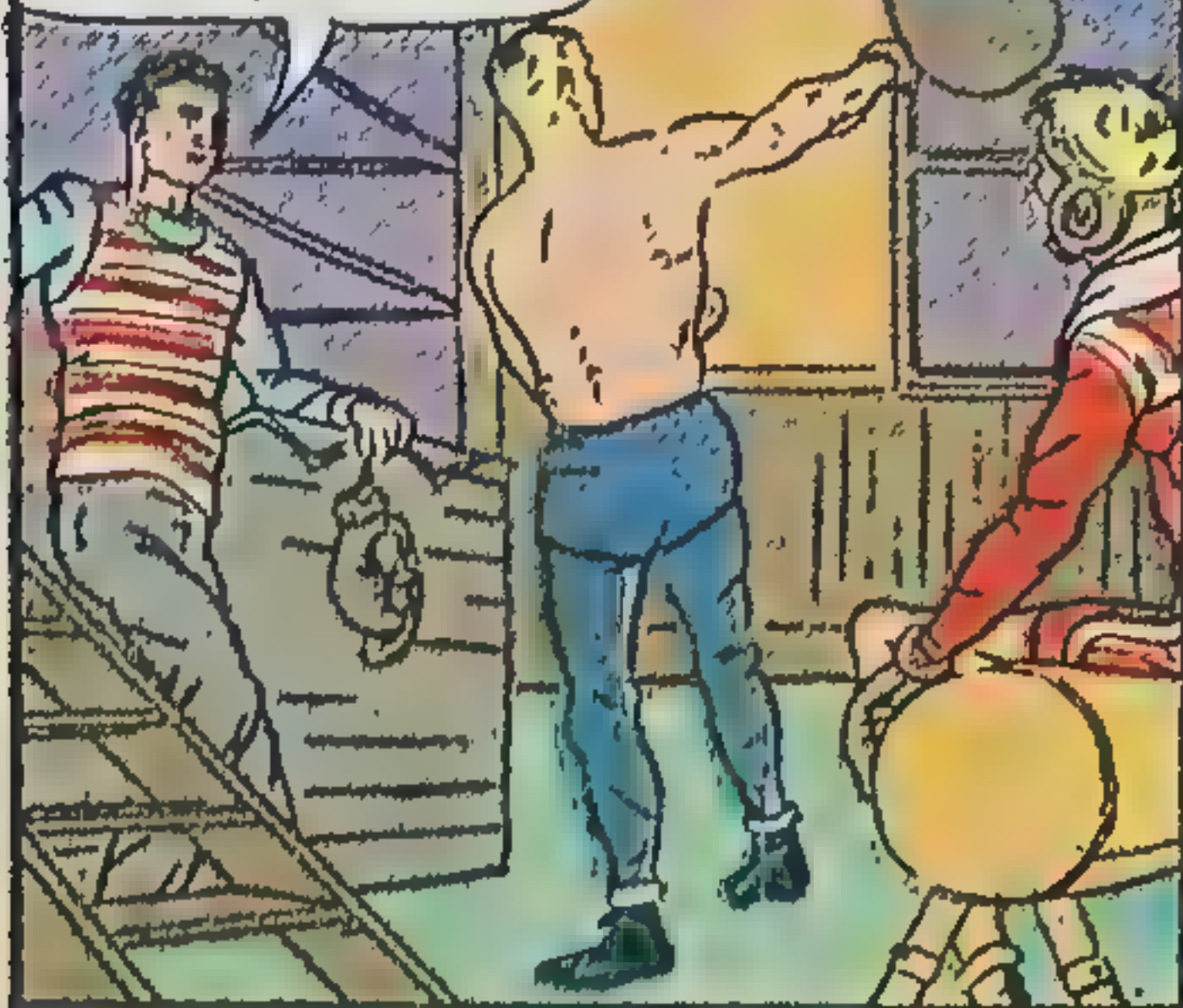
I'M SURE THAT UGAKI WILL DOUBLE-CROSS US ON THE ARRANGEMENTS, JOHN, BUT I HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.

I ASKED FOR A RING, THREE-MINUTE ROUNDS, AND A NO-DECISION FIGHT. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR FOULS!



FOR TWO WEEKS, CLEAR TRAINED FOR THE FIGHT.

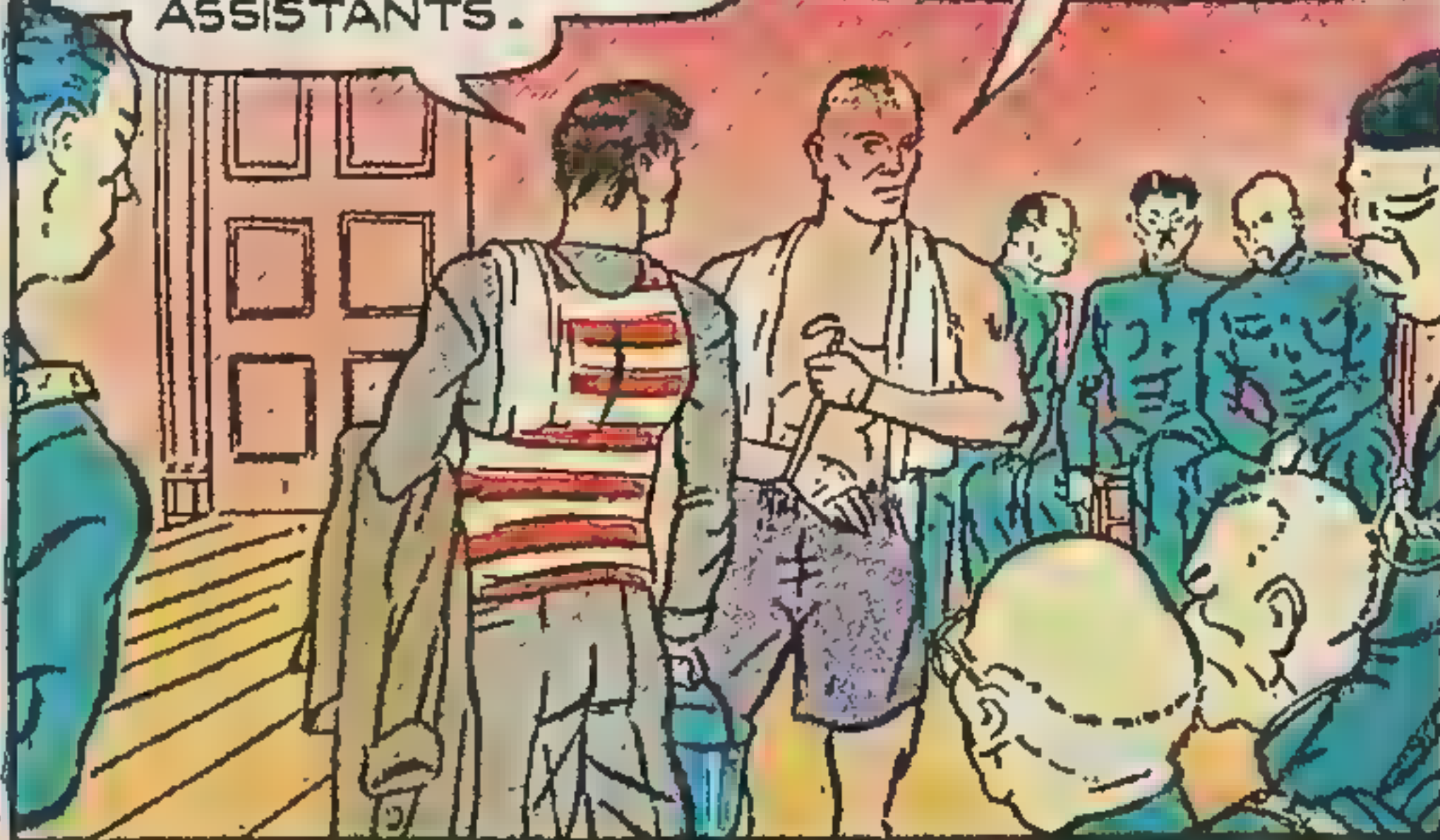
LUCKY YOU'VE KEPT IN GOOD SHAPE, WARREN.



ON THE DAY OF THE BOUT...

I DON'T LIKE THIS, WARREN. THERE'S NO RING, AND THESE BOYS LOOK LIKE EXECUTIONERS' ASSISTANTS.

LOOKS LIKE IT WILL BE A DIRTY BALL GAME.



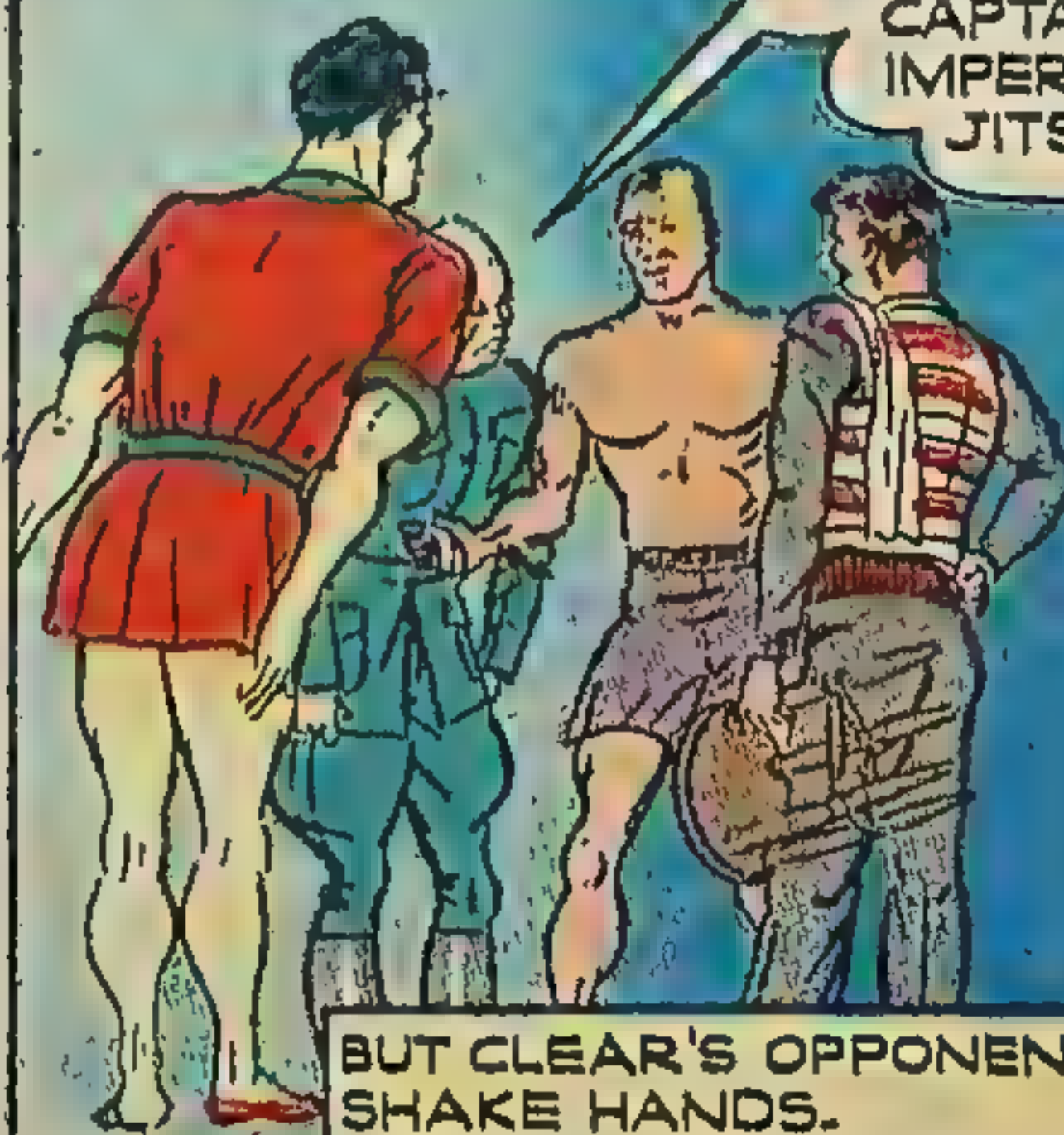
TYNAN'S HUNCH WAS RIGHT.

SO SORRY, INSTRUCTIONS OF HONORABLE TYNAN MISUNDERSTOOD. ROUNDS ARE LONGER—FIVE MINUTES. AS PADDED FLOOR AND ROPES MIGHT HINDER GALLANT CAPTAIN CLEAR, WE HAVE DISPENSED WITH THEM.

ALL RIGHT! WE'LL DO IT THEIR WAY.

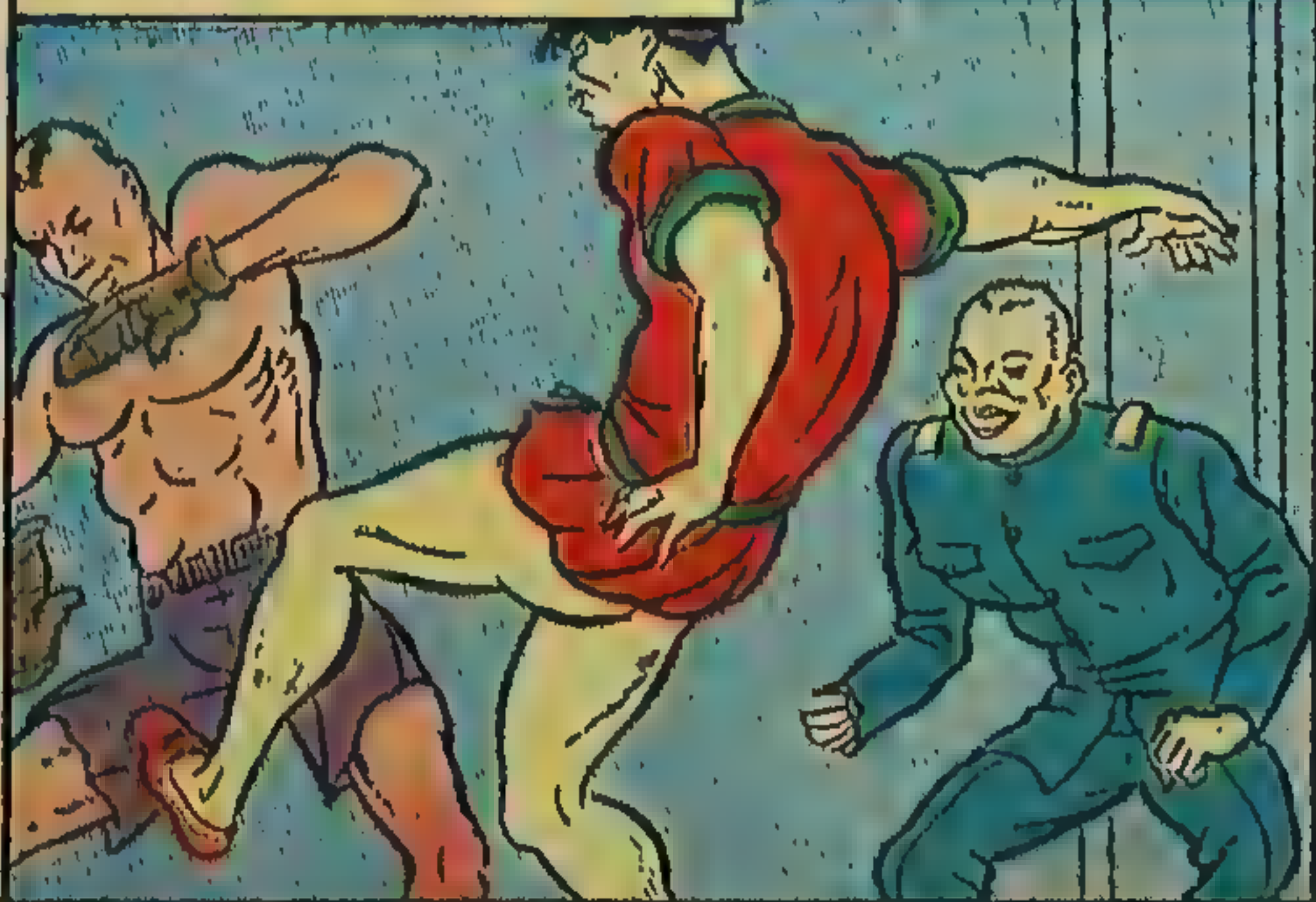


CAPTAIN CLEAR, THIS IS CAPTAIN KITAMURA, IMPERIAL ARMY JU-JITSU CHAMPION.



BUT CLEAR'S OPPONENT REFUSED TO SHAKE HANDS.

AT THE FIRST BELL, THE JAP FOULED CLEAR BY KICKING HIM IN THE GROIN.

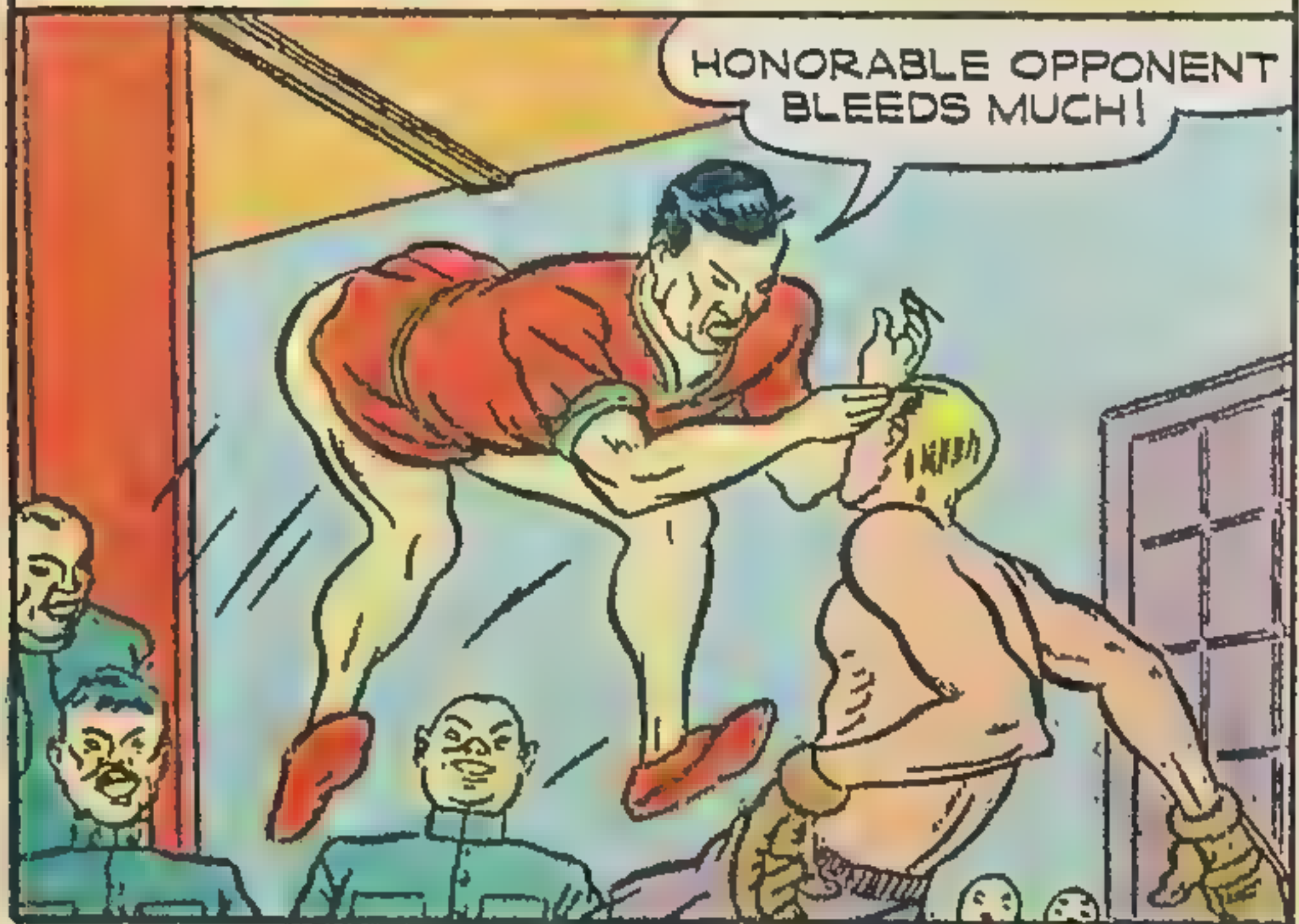


BOXING CRAFTILY, CLEAR HOOKED A RIGHT TO KITAMURA'S THROAT, DRAWING THE FIRST BLOOD.

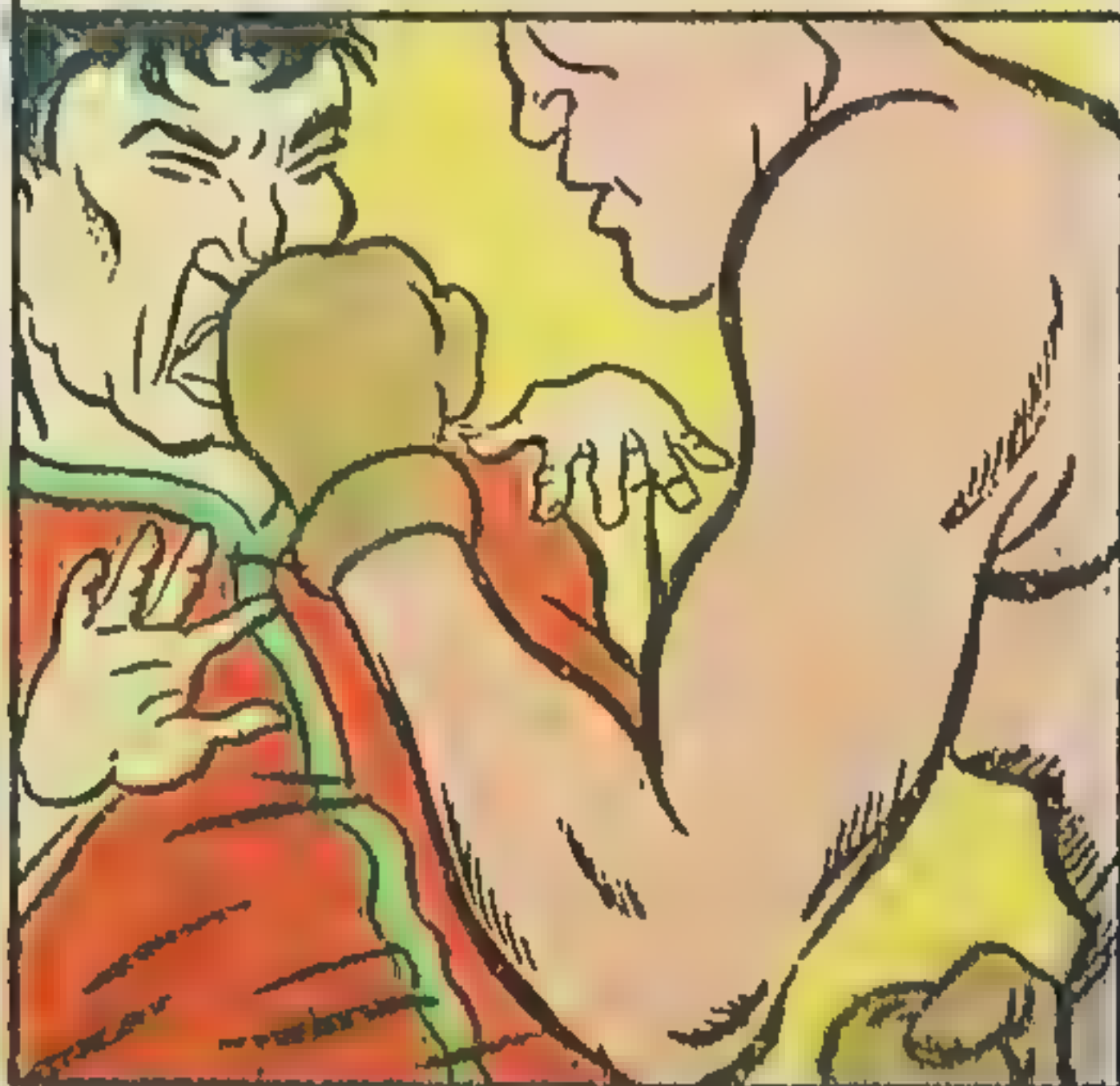
IF THERE'S A LUMP IN YOUR THROAT, IT'S MY FIST.



INFURIATED, KITAMURA HIT CLEAR WITH THE SIDES OF HIS HANDS, TEARING THE SKIN FROM CLEAR'S FACE.

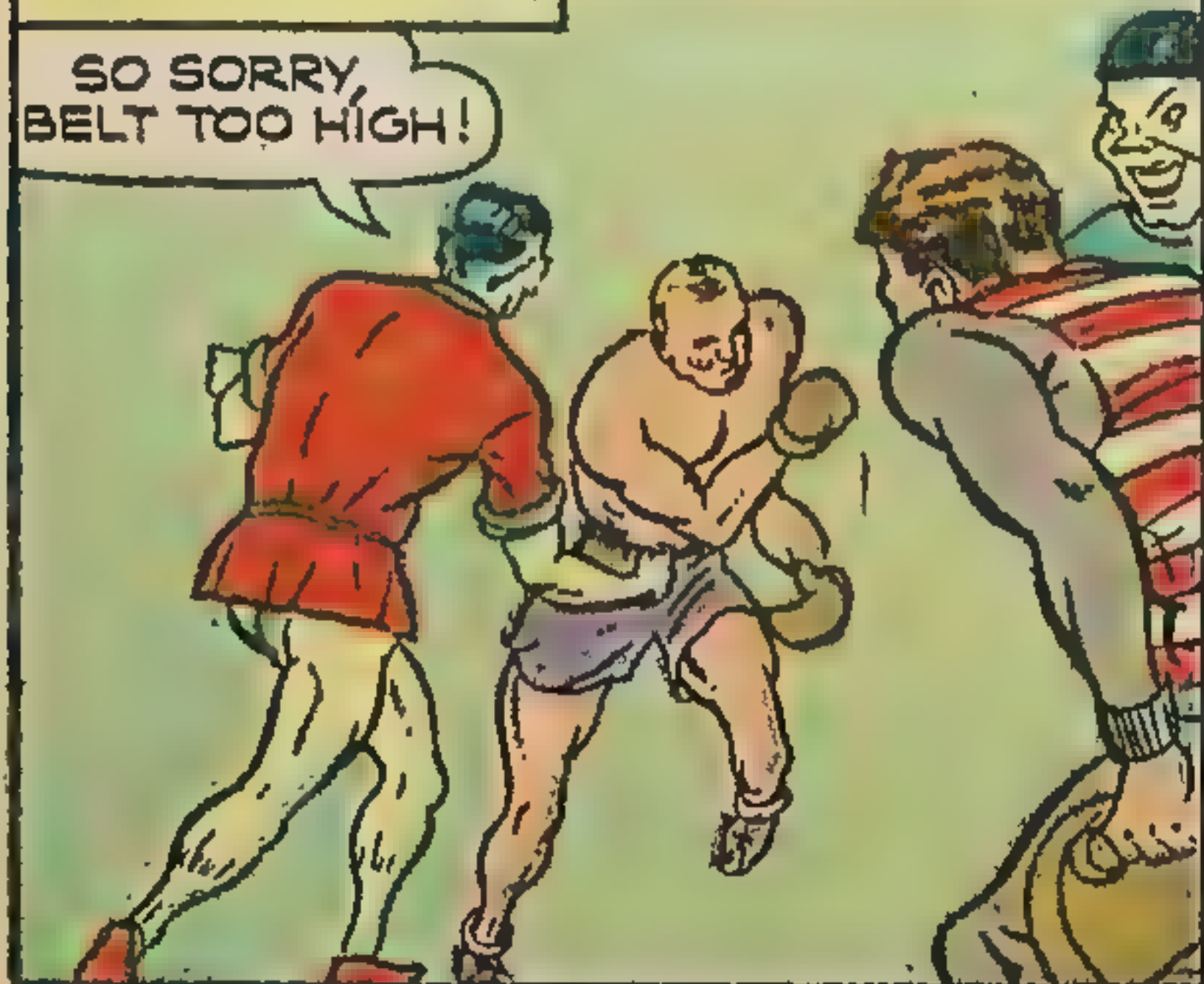


BATTERED AND BLEEDING, CLEAR MANAGED TO SMASH HIS OPPONENT'S NOSE AT THE BELL.

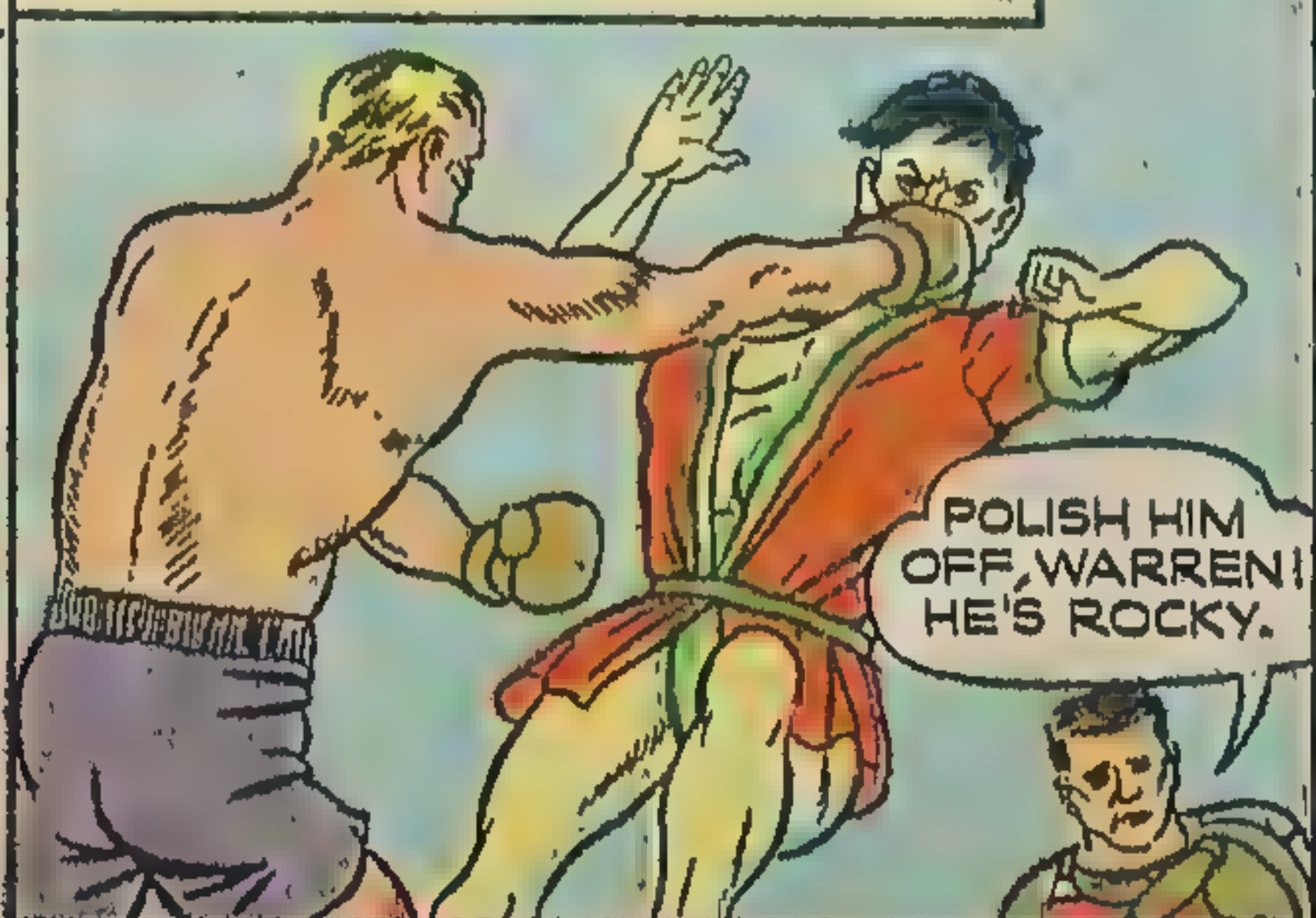


KITAMURA CONTINUED TO FOUL IN THE SECOND ROUND.

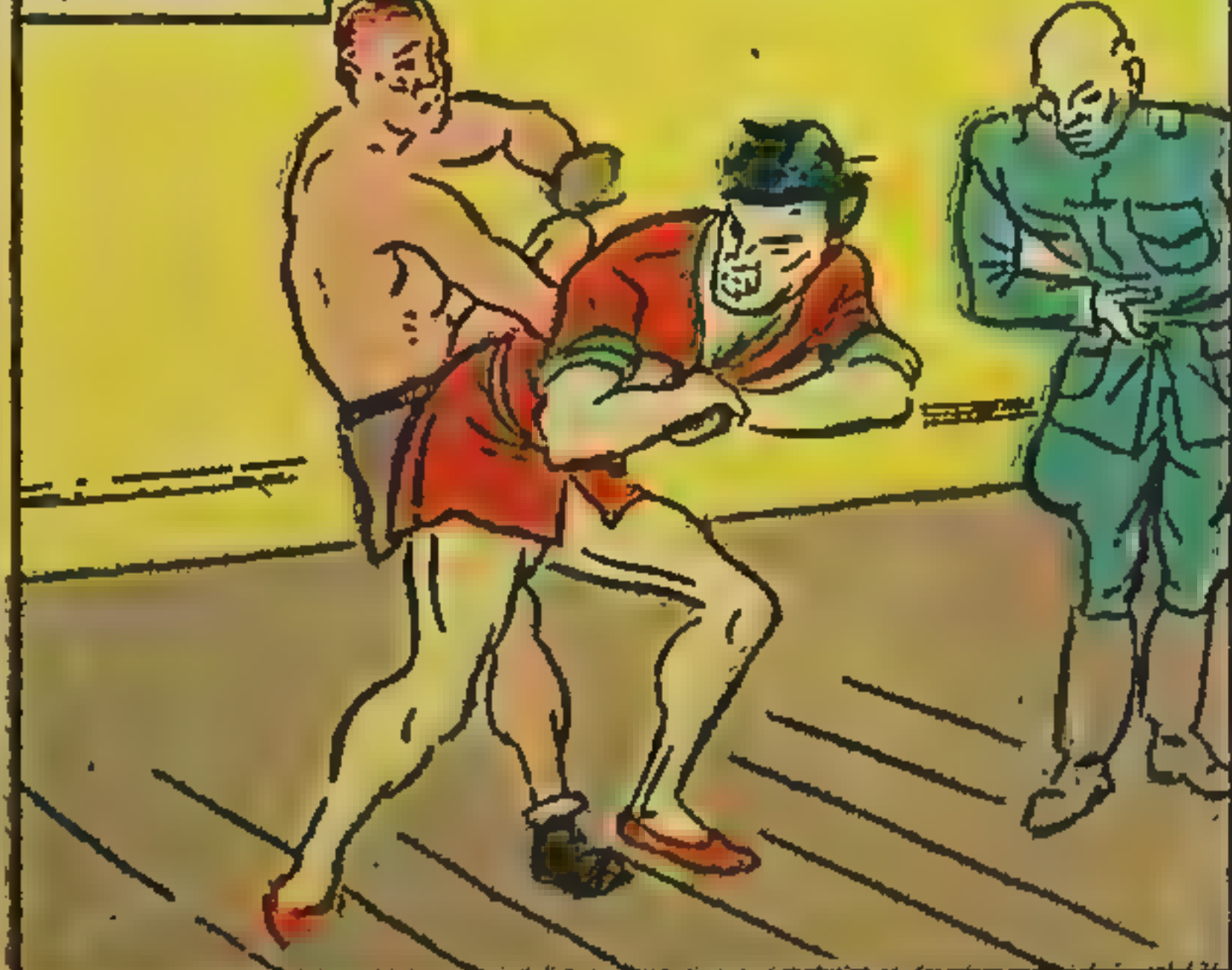
SO SORRY, BELT TOO HIGH!



THEN, AS KITAMURA LASHED OUT WITH BOTH HANDS, CLEAR SHOT A LEFT JAB AND A RIGHT HOOK THAT STUNNED THE BIG JAP.



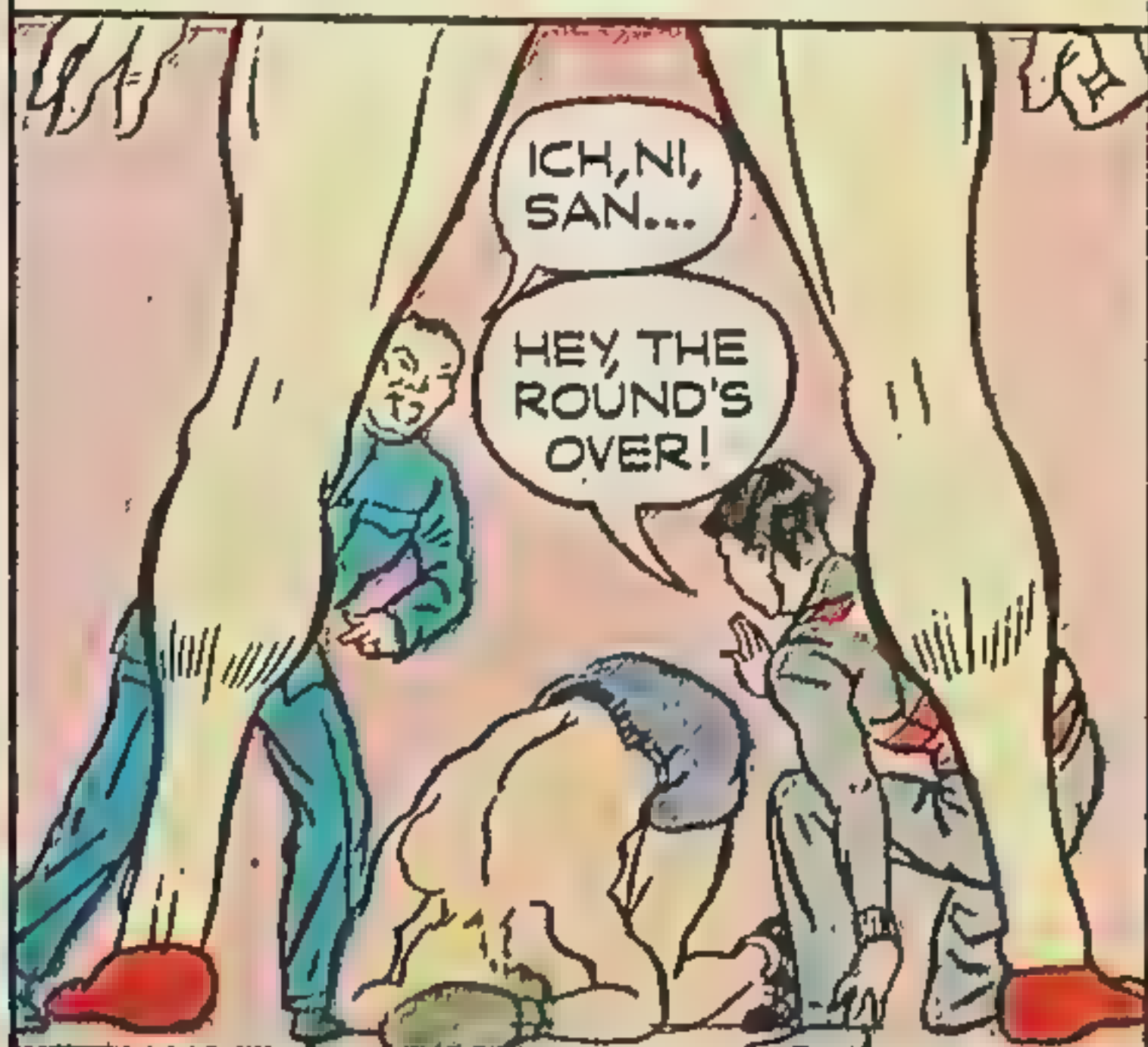
GOING IN FOR THE KNOCKOUT, CLEAR ALLOWED HIS OPPONENT TO COME TOO CLOSE...



...AND WAS FLUNG OVER KITAMURA'S SHOULDER.



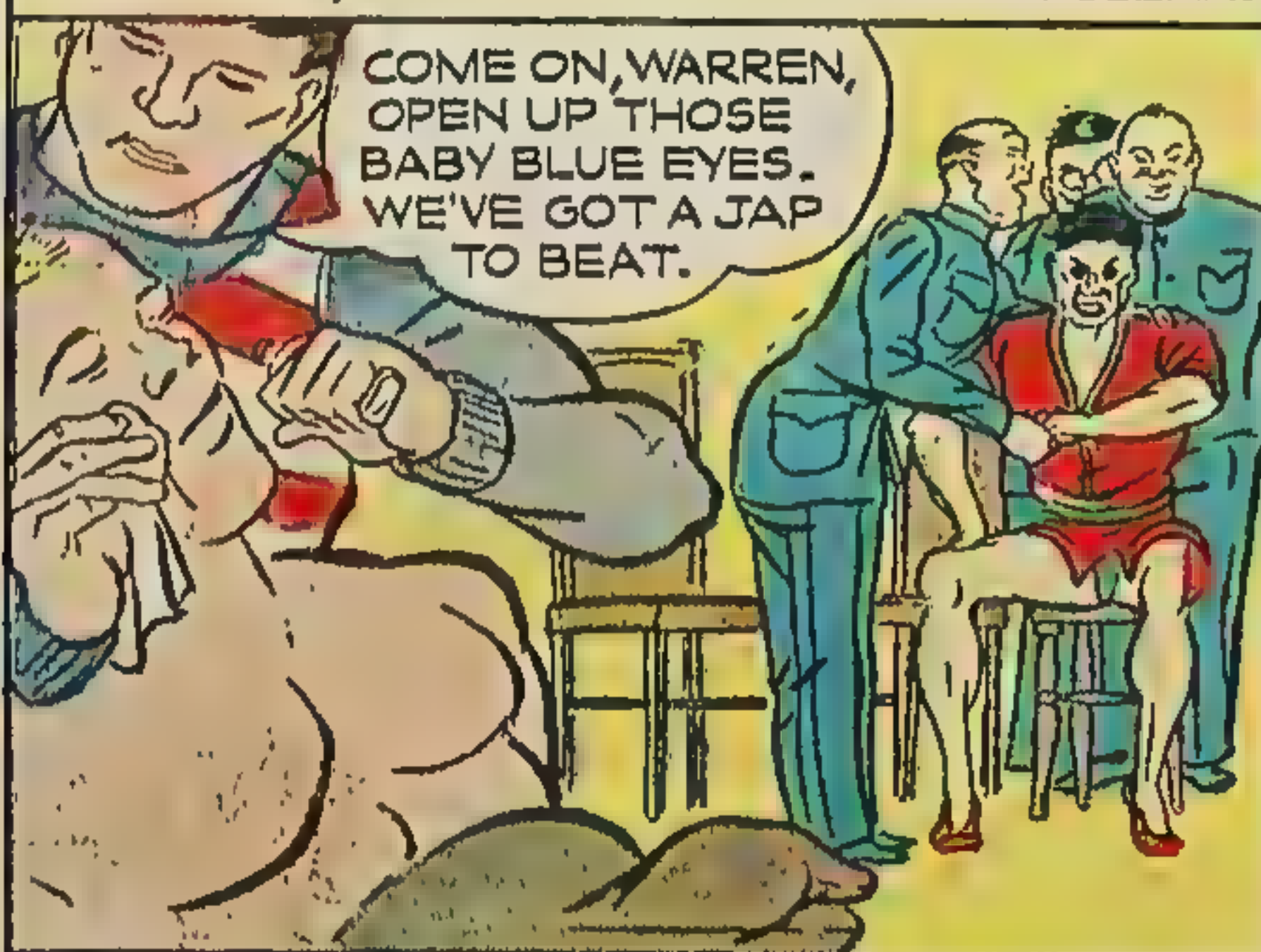
LANDING ON THE HARD FLOOR, CLEAR WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS. THE REFEREE STARTED HIS COUNT.



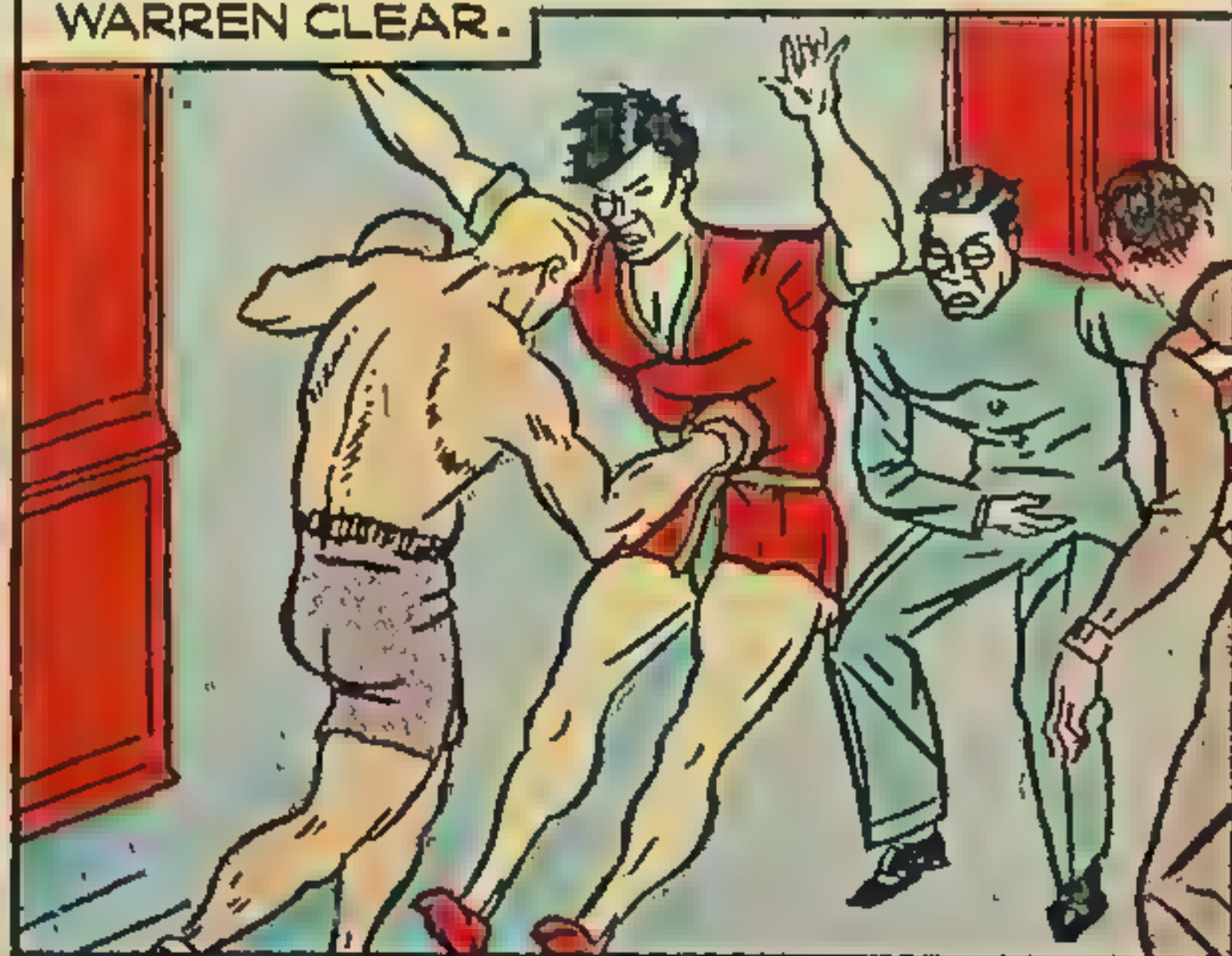
DON'T YOU INTEND TO OBEY ANY OF THE RULES WE AGREED ON? THE FIVE MINUTES WERE UP LONG AGO!



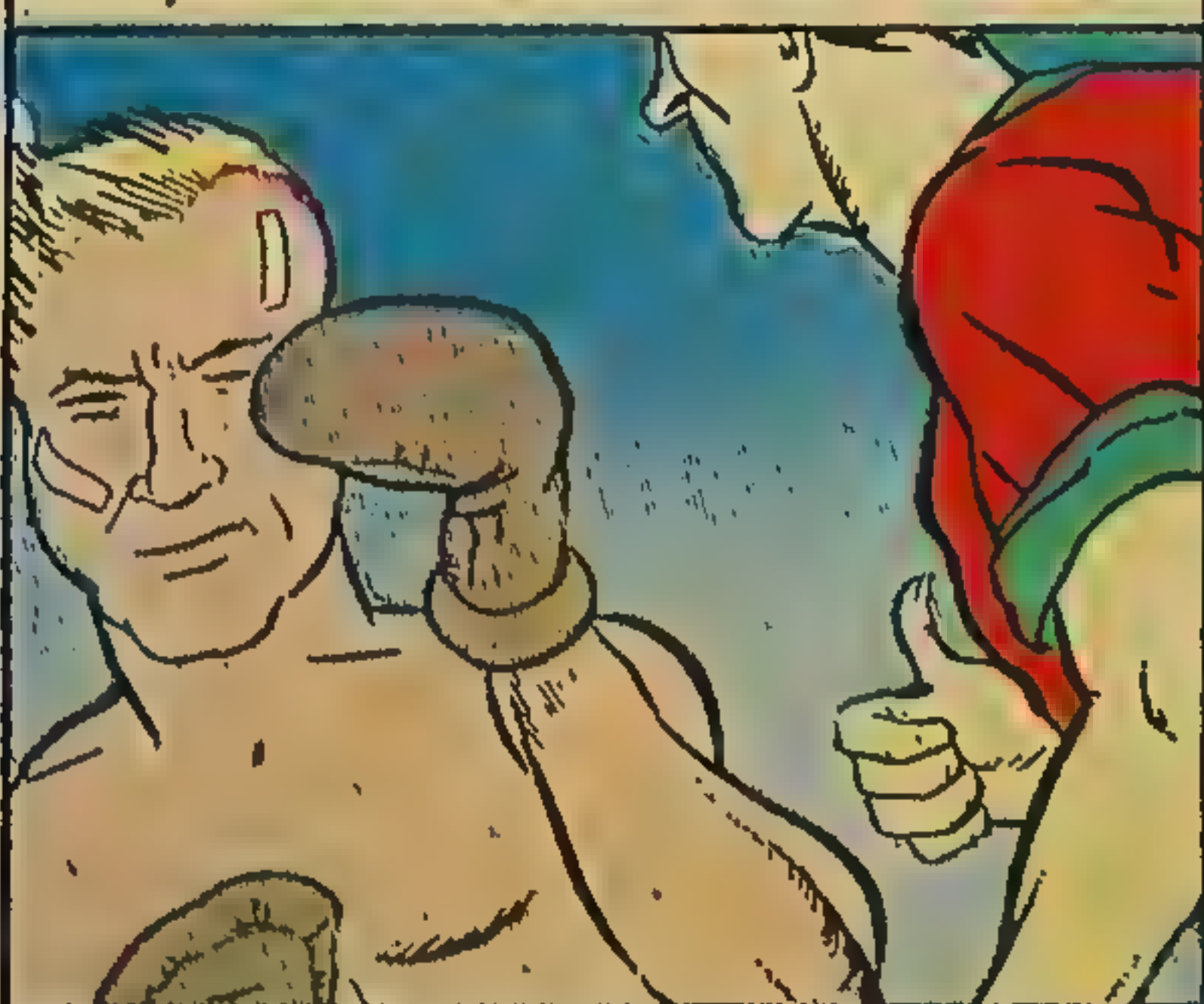
HAVING FORCED THE BELL FOR THE END OF THE ROUND, TYNAN BEGAN WORKING ON CLEAR.



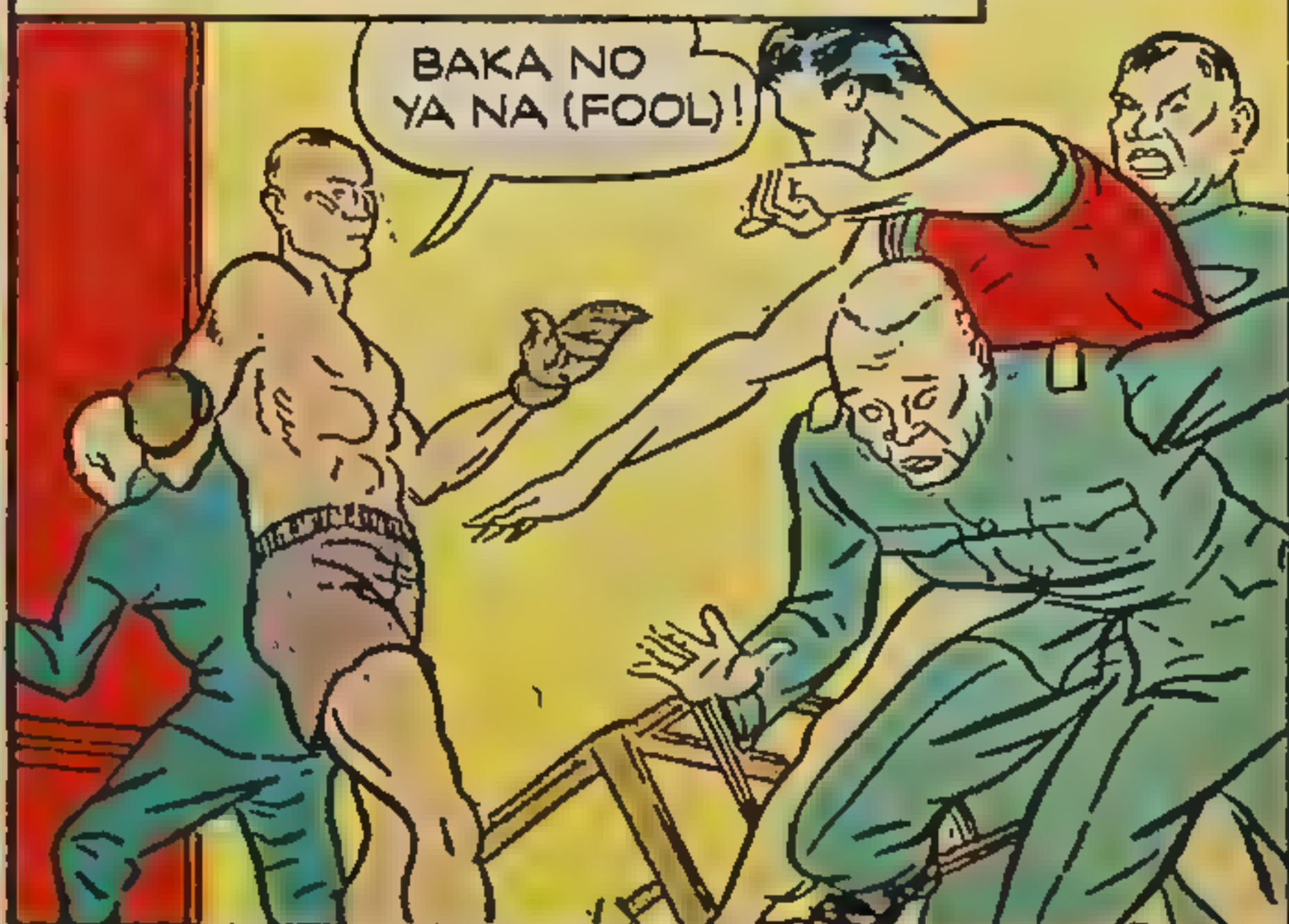
TYNAN'S WORK BROUGHT CLEAR AROUND. WHEN ROUND THREE BEGAN, KITAMURA SWAGGERED IN TO FIND AN ENRAGED WARREN CLEAR.



THE JAP TRIED TO THUMB OUT CLEAR'S EYES, BUT THE AMERICAN KEPT SLUGGING.



THEN CLEAR TRIED A NEW STRATEGY ON HIS FOE—INSULTING HIM IN JAPANESE.



THE STRATEGY WORKED! KITAMURA LOST HIS HEAD AND CLOSED WITH CAPTAIN CLEAR, WHO PUNISHED HIM BADLY WITH STRAIGHT RIGHTS TO THE JAW.



TRYING TO THROW CLEAR AGAIN, KITAMURA GRABBED CLEAR'S LEFT HAND, BUT...



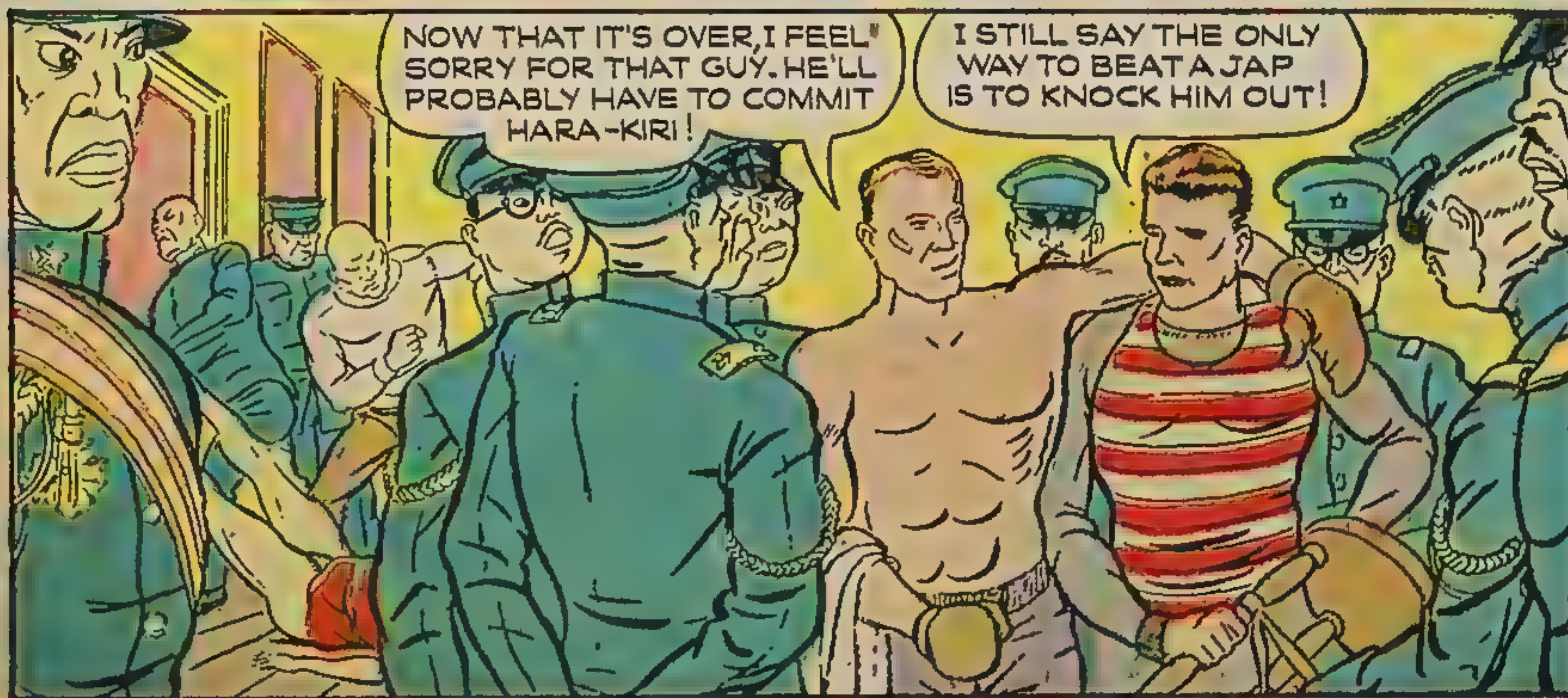
ANOTHER RIGHT TO THE CHIN KNOCKED KITAMURA OUT.

THAT'S IT, WARREN! YOU DID IT!



NOW THAT IT'S OVER, I FEEL SORRY FOR THAT GUY. HE'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO COMMIT HARA-KIRI!

I STILL SAY THE ONLY WAY TO BEAT A JAP IS TO KNOCK HIM OUT!



TELEPHONE CANYON

(Continued from page 11)

quail but no deer, I had almost decided that I would give up the hunt until I had found water.

By then, about noon, my tongue had begun to swell and I had difficulty swallowing. I pulled up the roots of grass and tried to chew them for moisture but they were as dry as tinder and only made it worse. I took them out and found small pebbles to place in my mouth but they did not influence the formation of more saliva. This was due to the fact that there was no chance of making saliva flow. My body became more and more dehydrated. How I needed water!

At about three o'clock, I reached the bank of a stream, which I could distinguish by the darker trees and the darker vegetation. I had been nearly ten hours now without water but it seemed more like a week. I looked down into the ditch about fifteen feet deep—a wash or an arroyo, as it is called there in the west—and in the bottom was crystal-clear water bubbling over rocks and splashing the sides of the bank. I could hear it and almost taste it. I dropped my rifle in the dust and slid down the bank. Then my laughter froze in my face. I felt like turning and dashing in frenzy along the arroyo. A wave of hysteria engulfed me for, as I dipped into what had looked like water to me from the top of the bank, it proved to be only hot, dry sand.

On and on I walked. The sun slowly set behind the rimrock, and then I walked in the shade, then into the sunlight again.

Five o'clock, then six o'clock. I continued to pull up roots every now and then but as I placed them in my mouth, they merely stuck to the roof of it. Then I thought I noticed something that gave me hope—but could I believe it this time? It was a rainbow, or looked like it. It was very close to me there in the valley and right toward where camp should be in Telephone Canyon. I just closed my eyes and walked straight ahead and tried not to think of water. To keep my mind on something else, I began to count my steps. At 3600 it was still there; it hadn't disappeared as a mirage in the sun, and still the figure of the tank and the rainbow and the sun glaring in the water came closer and closer. On the 3788th step, I touched my shoe to the concrete tank. Only then did I truly believe it might be real. At least it felt like concrete. I could feel the water spray hitting me in the face now but still I wasn't sure. Was this just another twist of the imagination? With trembling hands, I stood that heavy rifle by the object that I had run into. Then I gingerly reached over the top of the cattle tank and slowly dipped my hands into it. Yes, it was real. It was water.

I splashed it hungrily in my face. I tried to call out in joy but only a hoarse croak came from my throat. Then I plunged my face into the beautiful liquid and drank. I remembered what happened to men who had nearly died of thirst when they drank lots of cold water, therefore I tried to

drink slowly. It was hard to do.

As I came slowly back to consciousness, I saw that camp was only about a mile away. In the gathering dusk, I walked toward it, looking back in almost reverence every now and then at the water trough.

About halfway to the camp, I heard the noise of rolling stones on the side of the canyon and I crept forward in the gloom and looked. I saw two deer. I hesitated but an instant and brought my gun to my shoulder, took the safety off and fired. There had been two deer. I thought I saw one fall, yet I heard the other one, maybe both of them, running and the sound of more rolling stones and then all was silent. The echo of the shot came back again and reverberated among the rimrock. Then everything was quiet. But by now I was running. I hurried toward the place where I had spotted the deer as I pulled the lever action of the Savage and placed another shell in the chamber. Even then I knew the sight had been on my target as I had pulled the trigger. However, so many things had happened that day, that it would be just too much to have struck paydirt in the hunt before I had returned to camp. As I ran through the fir trees, all continued to be quiet. My heart sank slowly, even as it beat faster, for I had reached the conclusion that my shot had missed. It was about three hundred yards to the side of the mountain where I had seen the two deer. I had fired from the side of one hill across a ravine to the side of another hill. There, as I reached the approximate position, I circled and looked closely while my breath came in gasps from the run up the hill at that high rare atmosphere of the prairie land. Then, what I saw made me smile with my cracked lips and affectionately caress the little Savage 300. For just off the game trail, where it had fallen stone dead, was the body of a deer, shot through the heart. There was only one flaw and I felt my pride flowing from me because the deer was a doe. Its head was hornless.

When it appeared as if Lt. Scott would never find water, he came upon a cattle tank.



Now I knew that game wardens lurked in all the hunting regions of Texas and that they investigated almost every shot that rang out through the hills. Any moment I expected to hear a step, and then the branches would part and a game warden would step out. The fact that I had not known the animal was a doe would be a laughable excuse, for a hunter is not supposed to fire until he can tell not only that the deer has horns, but there are at least two spikes on the horns. Just the same I wasn't going to leave that deer to spoil; that would have been wanton waste. I began to draw the doe with my hunting knife. I resolved that no matter how many wardens heard the shot, the meat was not going to be wasted.

I wondered, though, what all those professional hunters in camp were going to say to me when they heard that it had been a doe. They could be critical.

Would Mr. McCain look at me and say, "Why you dirty young skunk! You're nothing but a murderer?"

Would Mort Magoffin merely walk off, give me the cold shoulder and never speak to me again? I wondered as I walked into camp.

At their friendly question as to where I had been so long, I answered, but again only a croak came from my mouth, for the tongue was still swollen. I told them my long story, rather sketchily, and then heard theirs. No one had seen a deer. Ezra McCain said that it had been the worst hunt in his thirty-nine years. He didn't even say, "I told you so, son," about the water and my hike through the day, and I liked him more for letting me learn the lesson myself. I did make it plain, though, that I knew that he had been right and I would never make the mistake again. I went over some of the high points of the hunt and then watched his son getting the frying pan ready to cook supper over the fire. Mort was bringing out cans of Vienna sausage and bacon with beans and coffee, for the meal that was to have to do after such a fruitless hunt. I guess I'd have waited until later but then Mr. McCain said, "Lieutenant, you didn't see

hide nor hair of a deer, either?" I looked at the ground, then back into his honest old eyes. I'd just have to let him have the whole story and risk the loss of his friendship. I talked deliberately.

"Why, Mr. McCain, I did see two deer right after I'd found my water, and I took a shot, a kind of a snap shot."

Ezra McCain looked more interested and countered, "I heard that shot. Just about an hour ago, wasn't it? You missed it, eh?"

I hesitated but an instant . . . and fired.



Well, you can't be blamed too much, for you had a pretty hard day. Doggone it, though, I'd surely like to have some fresh venison, sliced thin and fried in that same grease we cooked the turkey this morning. Shame you missed."

I risked one more look at him and couldn't help but go on with the experiment. "No, sir, I didn't miss; I killed it with a shot right through the heart."

Old Ezra had lifted his head now. He made kind of a double take, as they say in the movies, and walked over to me. "You killed it, son? Well, where in tar-nation is it?"

I hung my head a little more. "I'm ashamed to have to tell you, sir, but I killed a doe. I figured you didn't want me to make you a party to that terrible mistake and therefore subject to a fine with me if I brought it here so I left it hidden about a half-mile from here." I waited for him to answer.

"Ashamed of you? Ashamed? What are you talking about, son? You left it out there in the darkness where you couldn't find it? Why, dad-grad-it, when you're on a hunt and you're hungry and the end of the day has come without any luck, there ain't no does, son, there just ain't no 'hers,' they's all 'hims.' Why, that's called Camp meat." He paused a moment.

"Where'd you shoot it?" And then he turned to his sons. "You, Bob, get that fire burning; get some more coals so you can cook this, and you, Lem, go with the Lieutenant and bring that venison here. We're going to need that grease after all."

I began to feel proud of the shot again. Young McCain and I left camp and found the deer and brought it back. From then on, it was lots of fun. Filled with thinly-sliced venison, cooked fast in the bubbling fat and placed between white slabs of bread, I began to feel how tired I was. After all, I must have walked about forty miles that day. I drank quart after quart of cold water and made every excuse to just dip my hands and face in the wonderful fluid.

Even now—after all these years—the very sound of running water makes me thirsty. I cannot pass a dripping faucet that I don't stop and have a drink!

THE MAN WHO BLOCKED

(Continued from page 9)

are, two days before the Midwest game, and you're laying down on your job out on that practice field. You've been that way since the game with Baldwin ten days ago, and I think I know why. You're sore because I moved Hendrickson over to left half, and shifted you to quarter. You don't want to block. Just carry the ball." The coach paused for a moment, watching the player.

"All right, if that's the way you feel, you won't do either. Against Midwest, you sit on the bench. I know that this finishes my last chance to end the season undefeated and get into one of the bowl games. And I guess I have you to thank. But I don't care if losing this game means the end of me as a coach here at Roberts Tech. I won't let one sorehead like you have your way and throw down your teammates."

Jack spoke for the first time. "Coach, you know I'm a better runner than Hendrickson."

"Griscom, I know that as well as you do. I also know that you're the best blocker on the squad—as a matter of fact, the best football player. But you won't play any more for the team—just for Griscom's place on the All-America. Hendrickson is a hard worker, and conscientious. And the way I can get the most out of this team is to play him at left half, and you at quarter. But you don't see it that way. So, in that case, you can watch the game from the bench."

The day of the Midwest game was perfect; cool and crisp, with only a few clouds over Tech's huge Memorial Stadium. No chance that rain would slow up both teams and decide the game on a lucky break. Midwest and Tech, both unbeaten, and the most powerful clubs in their sectors, would fight it out on even terms. And they'd be playing for the national championship, and a shot at the Flower Bowl.

In the Tech dressing room, there was hardly any talk. Everyone was too tense. Then the coach came in and ordered the squad out for their pre-game warm-up.

For half an hour, they raced up and down the field, unlimbering.

With the rest, Jack sent booming punts down to the other backs, then took his turn at catching them. The passers, Jack included, tested their arms, with bullet passes and with long, far-flung spirals. Jack went through the motions, even though he knew it didn't matter. He was just practicing to sit on the bench.

Then the manager and his busy assistant quickly gathered up the footballs, and the squad streamed back to the locker room. Once in, the manager locked the door, and slipped unobtrusively into a corner of the room. Slowly the coach walked out from his office, and climbed up on one of the rubbing tables. The squad waited expectantly.

"I don't have to tell you fellows what this game means," the coach began. "Either to you or to me. And no long, high-pitched fight talk can do anything for you now. You're all in fine shape, and if you don't know the plays now, you never will. You know who and what to watch for on Midwest. That's all I've got to say; here's the line-up."

The mentor started down the list, from left end. Each man blinked as his name was read—otherwise they showed no emotion. The coach paused as he came to quarterback. "Corcoran," he said, looking at Jack. Quickly, he read off the other three names, then cried, "Let's go."

The squad erupted through the door. Out on the field, Jack took a seat on the bench, about 15 feet from the coach. He pulled his parka over his shoulders and looked out at the Midwest team, trotting down to its defensive positions, for Tech had won the toss and had elected to kick. Golly, thought Jack, they looked immense. Although he knew that part of that impression was caused by their white jerseys, his practiced eye probed under those jerseys and shoulder pads, and evaluated Midwest as a rugged, tough outfit—all that the Tech scouts and the sportswriters had said it was, and then some!

Then the whistle shrilled, ending Jack's soliloquy, and he saw the pigskin arching end-over-end

down the field, lustily propelled by Hendrickson's toe. The Midwest safety clutched the ball just inside the end zone, and ran it out about 15 yards. His interference swept before him toward the Tech bench, the Tech team converged on him, and Jack heard the familiar, heavy thud of bodies, as the two clubs piled up in their first bone-crushing contact of the game. The teams lined up.

Jack's keen eyes, probing with the skill of a diagnostician, watched the Midwest quarter begin to feel out his opposition. He sent two plays into the line, eking out about four yards, and then he kicked.

Hendrickson, playing safety, took the booming punt on his own 25 and scooted up 10 yards before the Midwest left end, a streak, dumped him. Now the process began on the other side, Tech finding out what Midwest had. And Midwest had plenty. Two line plays got nowhere, and Hendrickson punted.

So it went all through the first quarter. To the packed stands, it probably looked like a dull game, the teams rocking back and forth between their own 25-yard lines. But Jack knew better. He could see that Midwest had found a weak spot—Tech's pass defense. The Midwest quarter hadn't used more than four passes, three of them incomplete. But now Jack felt a grudging sense of admiration.

(Continued on page 52)

Answers to Sports Quiz

- 1 TRUE
- 2 TRUE
- 3 FALSE—Tommy Holmes did.
- 4 FALSE—Max Schmeling beat him.
- 5 FALSE—In 1935 he played with Boston.
- 6 FALSE—It is used in hockey.
- 7 TRUE
- 8 FALSE—They were held in 1936.
- 9 TRUE
- 10 TRUE

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THE MAN WHO BLOCKED

(Continued from page 50)

tion, for he was certain that he knew exactly what was coming.

And come it did. The teams had changed goals for the second quarter, and Tech punted, after a futile off-tackle slant, and an equally unsuccessful pass. Midwest had first down on its own 32. A plunge worked the ball equidistant between the sidelines, and the stage was set.

The Midwest quarter, fading, faked a throw out to the left flat, drawing Tech's backfield to that sector. Suddenly, the Midwest quarter wheeled and shot a bullet pass to the right, to his big end. The flanker gathered the ball in at top speed on the 48 and raced untouched across Tech's goal. For a moment the stands, bewildered by the sudden turn of events, sat silent. Then, a huge roar broke from the horseshoe oval, a roar that kept rocketing across the field as Midwest lined up and converted for the extra point to put Tech behind, 7-0.

Tech took the kickoff and came charging back with renewed fight. Slowly, the blue jerseys of Tech worked up to midfield, grinding out three first downs in a row. Midwest, rocked back on its heels, was having a hard time stemming the tide. The stands were one continuous wave of sound, as the Tech fans scented blood. Tech put over another first down. On the Midwest 42, Hendrickson dropped back in the tailback spot. The ball snapped and Hendrickson, his long legs driving, skirted his own left end, spurting into the Midwest backfield. As he crossed the 35, there was no one between him and the Midwest goal but the white-shirted safety. Hendrickson's lone blocker moved at the safety, but the latter, a wise veteran, slipped the block and tore in to dump Hendrickson on the 22. Two other line plays gained seven yards. But on fourth down, a Tech pass was incomplete and the opportunity was gone.

It was first down, Midwest, on its own 15, and the white jerseys went to work. Two passes had Midwest at midfield, and now Tech was frantic. Midwest came out of the huddle, and went into a spread formation. The Tech

team milled about like frightened ants, trying to set up a hurried defense for a play it didn't know was in Midwest's book.

The ball hurtled back, and Midwest began to clear a path for the runner. Like stalks of wheat under a scythe, the Tech defenders went down, until the ball carrier moved unmolested into pay dirt. Now things looked black, as Midwest confidently lined up to kick the point. Again Tech was caught flatfooted by Midwest's deception, for it was no kick, but a pass.

The Midwest center flipped the ball to the would-be kicker, who



"I won't let one sorehead like you throw down your teammates!"

faded and whipped a bullet toss to the wingback, scurrying into a corner of the end zone, with not a Tech man within five yards. But the wingback was too anxious. His eager fingers reached out for the leather and squeezed before the pigskin was safely in his hands. A sigh of relief went up from the Tech stands as the ball dribbled crazily about the turf. Midwest 13, Tech 0. The Tech stands didn't know where two touchdowns were coming from, but still they hoped.

Again Tech received, but couldn't shake loose. Tech punted, but Midwest had put away its pyrotechnics. With one eye on the clock, Midwest was content to punch three times into the line and then kick. A minute after Tech took the spiral, the gun went off for the half.

Dispiritedly, the Tech team dragged off the field. The rest of

the squad trailed slowly from the bench, more dejected. Only Jack moved with anything like animation. So determined was he in what he was about to do that he broke into a trot as he neared the dressing room. Once in, he spoke to no one as he strode firmly up to the coach, who was watching intently as the trainer kneaded a troublesome muscle in Hendrickson's left leg.

"Coach, may I speak to you alone for a minute?" Jack asked. The coach's eye burned into Jack. Then, without a word, he turned and walked into his office. "Shut the door," said the coach, leaning against his desk. Then, "What's on your mind?"

"Just this, coach. I've made a terrible mistake, and I want to change it before it's too late. I want you to put me in at quarter in the second half."

The coach flung open the door of his office, and put up his hand for silence. "Just one thing, men. Here's a line-up change. Griscom in at quarter." Mouths dropped open, then a spontaneous cheer went up, as the squad rushed for the ramp, eager to start play.

The team trotted out, and lined up to receive. In a second the whistle had piped, and Tech began its tremendous task of whittling down Midwest's 13-0 lead. Up and down the teams rocked, neither making much of a dent in the other's forward wall. Near the end of the third quarter, Tech had first down on its own 35.

Jack had been studying the Midwest line shrewdly, and he had found a crack in the wall. In smooth sequence, he ran off several plays through right guard and over center, and Tech was down to Midwest's 44. Tech stands were in a frenzy as Hendrickson bit off huge chunks of ground, with Jack throwing the vital blocks that made the long advances possible.

They came out of the huddle and lined up. The ball snapped to Hendrickson. Jack moved as if to pin down the opposing left end, feinting him out of position, then brushed him out. Jack kept his feet, and with Hendrickson right behind, they moved downfield.

Other Tech blockers had done their part, and now only the Midwest safety was left. But this time, the issue never was in doubt. Jack mowed him down with a savage block, and Hendrickson scampered into the end zone for the first Tech tally. Tech converted and now trailed by 13-7.

Tech kicked off, and after a few plays the teams changed goals for the fourth quarter. Time was running out now, and Tech seemed to have stalled again. With about 10 minutes remaining, Hendrickson was hurt in a bruising pile-up, his ailing left leg twisted. After the plucky half-back was carried off, Jack shifted over to left half, but all the fight

west brains was the same knowledge. Two defenders drove at Jack, but he shook off one and eluded the other. Now, on the Midwest 45, he whirled and danced like a dervish, always seeking clear running room. The Tech stands alternately shrieked and groaned, as one second it seemed that Jack would get away, and the next that he was hopelessly trapped.

But still he moved forward, now giving a would-be tackler a leg and taking it away, now getting around another by sheer speed. Crossing the 30, Jack nearly was in the clear, with only the Midwest safety left—a sure, accurate tackler. The safety was drifting

into the holder's hands. Then his right leg moved in a short arc. Jack didn't have to look. He knew it was good, even before he heard the terrific roar from the crowd. Jack turned and trotted up the field, his mates pounding his back and screaming in his ears. He looked at the clock. A minute and a half left.

Tech kicked off. Midwest's quarterback took the ball on the 5 and a determined band of blockers swept in front of him. If Midwest could shake the ball carrier into the open they'd get back that touchdown. The runner came up to the 20, the 25, the 35. Midwest's blockers were bowling over Tech's defenders.



seemed to have gone out of the Tech team with Hendrickson out.

Midwest started to push its way down the field. Vainly, Jack exhorted his mates. When his words failed, he acted. Tackling like a fury, running, kicking, Jack was trying to hold off Midwest by himself. The minutes ticked off.

Now but four minutes remained. Jack glanced anxiously at the clock, and knew it was no longer a question of winning the game but of trying to stave off another Midwest score. Then the Midwest quarter called for the pass play which had produced their first marker. But this time he reckoned without Jack as a defender. Again everything went off as scheduled, the big end cutting out for the ball.

Suddenly, from nowhere, a racing figure intervened, leaped high into the air and intercepted the ball. It was Jack, a driving demon as he started for the Midwest goal. Burning in his brain was the thought that it was now or never. But burning in the Mid-

The goal posts were the only things in front of Griscom once he broke into the clear.

as he ran toward Jack, trying to pin the latter into the sideline. And Jack fell in with the scheme, for he knew there was only one way he could rack up a touchdown, the one Tech needed.

At the 18, Jack was a few yards from the sideline. The Midwest safety thought the time had come, diving at Jack to knock him out of bounds. The Tech stands let up a moan, but too soon. Jack came to a sudden stop and his left arm went out stiff. As the safety's long arms grasped like an octopus for Jack, the latter's left hand came down on the safety's helmet, and forced the white jersey to the turf. Jack was away, and, seconds later, over the goal.

Now the stands were delirious. The score was tied, but could Tech win it? Or rather, could Jack win it? The crowd quieted.

The ball snapped back. Jack, head down, watched it plump

Jack, who had kicked off, was the last one downfield. The Midwest runner was in the middle of the field at the midfield stripe. Jack was the only man between him and the goal line. The runner tried the trick of feinting to a stop, but Jack wasn't fooled. Smashing with savage force, Jack hit his man with such force that the ball bounded away, Tech's center recovering. Two plays later, the game ended.

Jack started for the dressing room, weary but happy. Suddenly a hand clamped on his shoulder and he was whirled around. There was the coach facing him. "Jack, I knew you'd do it. And I knew that down under, you were a team man. But I had to bring out your fighting spirit, even at the risk of losing to Midwest. I want you to know before I tell the rest of the squad. I just got word from the committee—we're in the Flower Bowl. And we're in it because of Jack Griscom, the man who blocked."

ROUGH 'N RUDDY

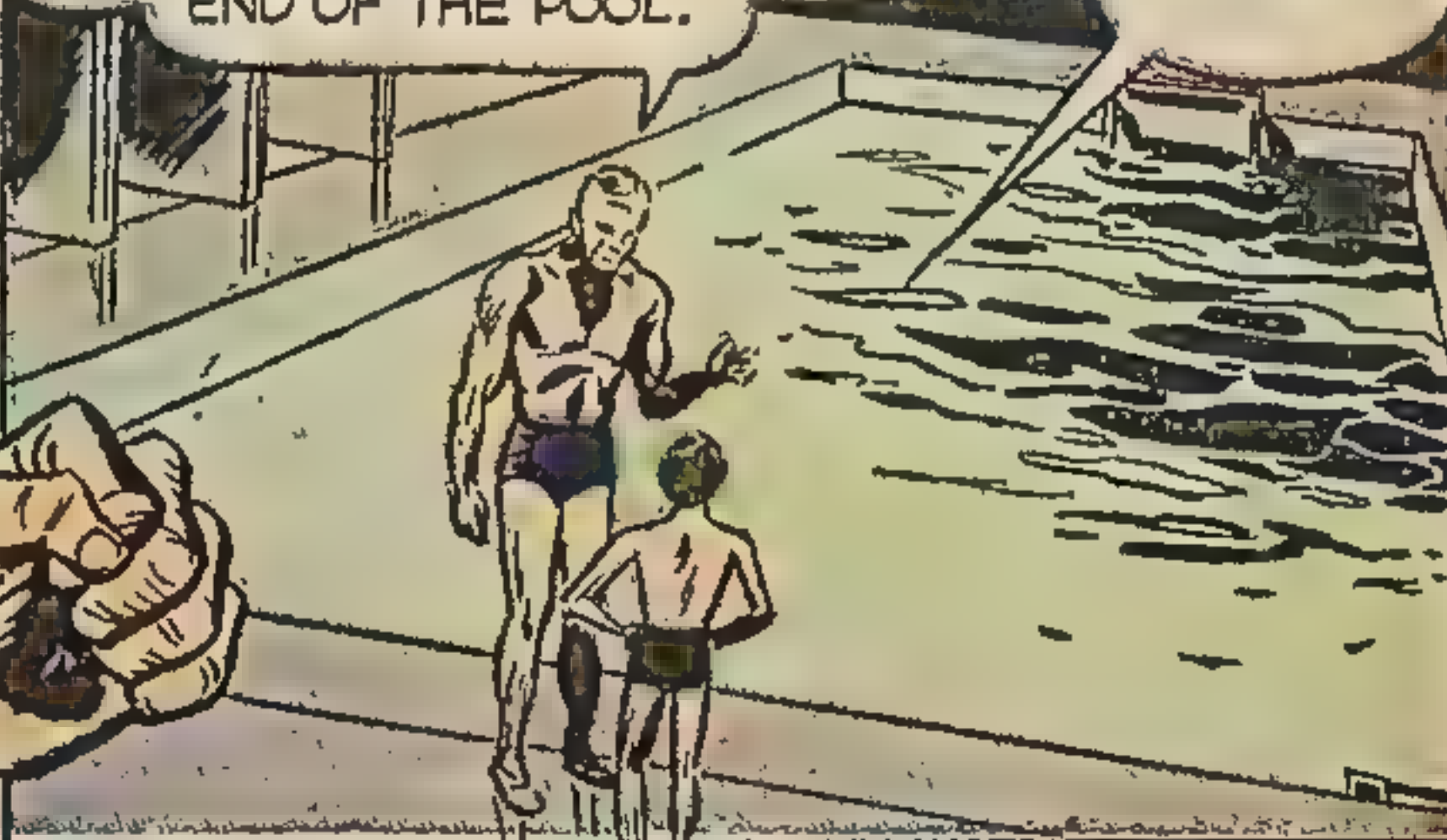


THE TWO HARDEST-HITTING RIVALS IN THE WORLD'S ROUGHEST GAME WERE A FATHER AND SON—JOE RUDDY, SENIOR AND JUNIOR.

AT THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, IN THE EARLY 1900'S...

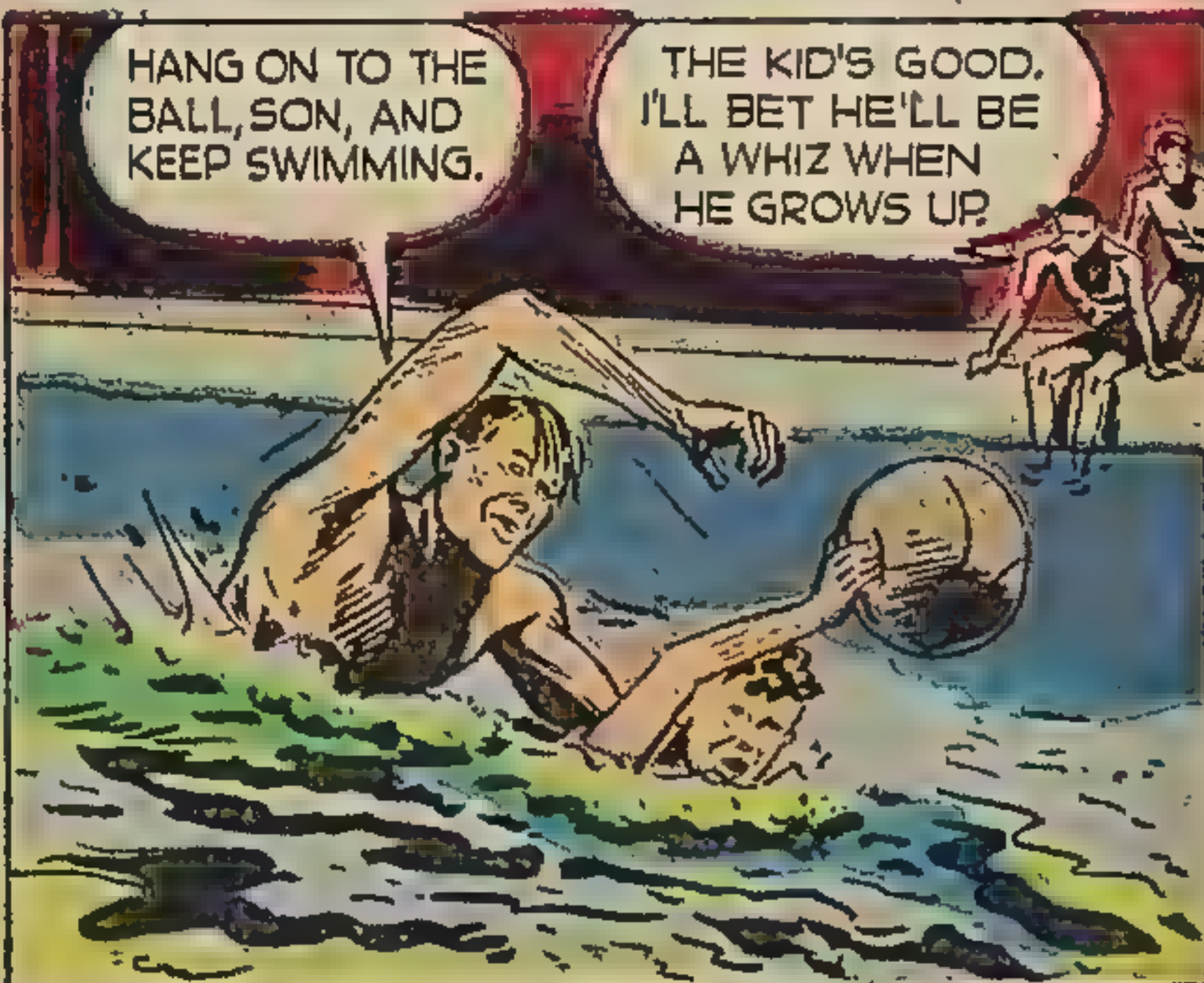
YOU'RE A STRONG SWIMMER, JUNIOR, SO I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU TO PLAY WATER POLO! THE OBJECT IS TO THROW OR CARRY THE SOFTBALL ACROSS THE GOAL LINE AT THE END OF THE POOL.

OH, BOY! THEN I CAN PLAY ON A TEAM WITH YOU, DAD.



HANG ON TO THE BALL, SON, AND KEEP SWIMMING.

THE KID'S GOOD. I'LL BET HE'LL BE A WHIZ WHEN HE GROWS UP.



ONE DAY, AFTER JOE, JUNIOR, HAD FINISHED "PREP" SCHOOL...

LOOK, DAD! I PASSED MY TESTS FOR ANNAPOLIS!

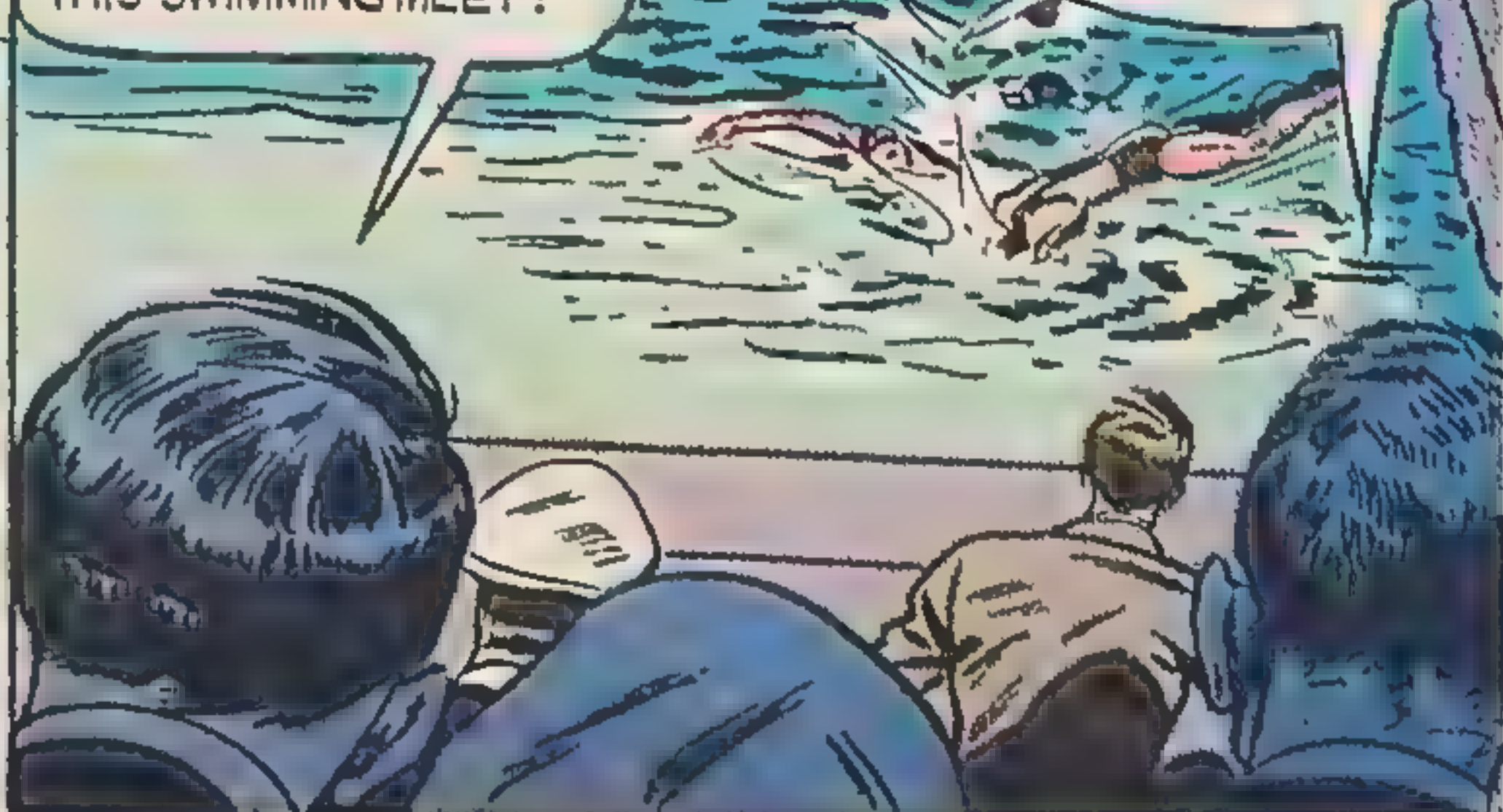
WELL, SON, A LIFE ON THE WATER SHOULDN'T BE TOO NEW FOR YOU.



DURING HIS PLEBE YEAR AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY, YOUNG JOE WAS OUTSTANDING.

THINK PENN HAS A CHANCE AGAINST US IN THIS SWIMMING MEET?

NOT WHILE YOUNG JOE RUDDY'S ON OUR SIDE.



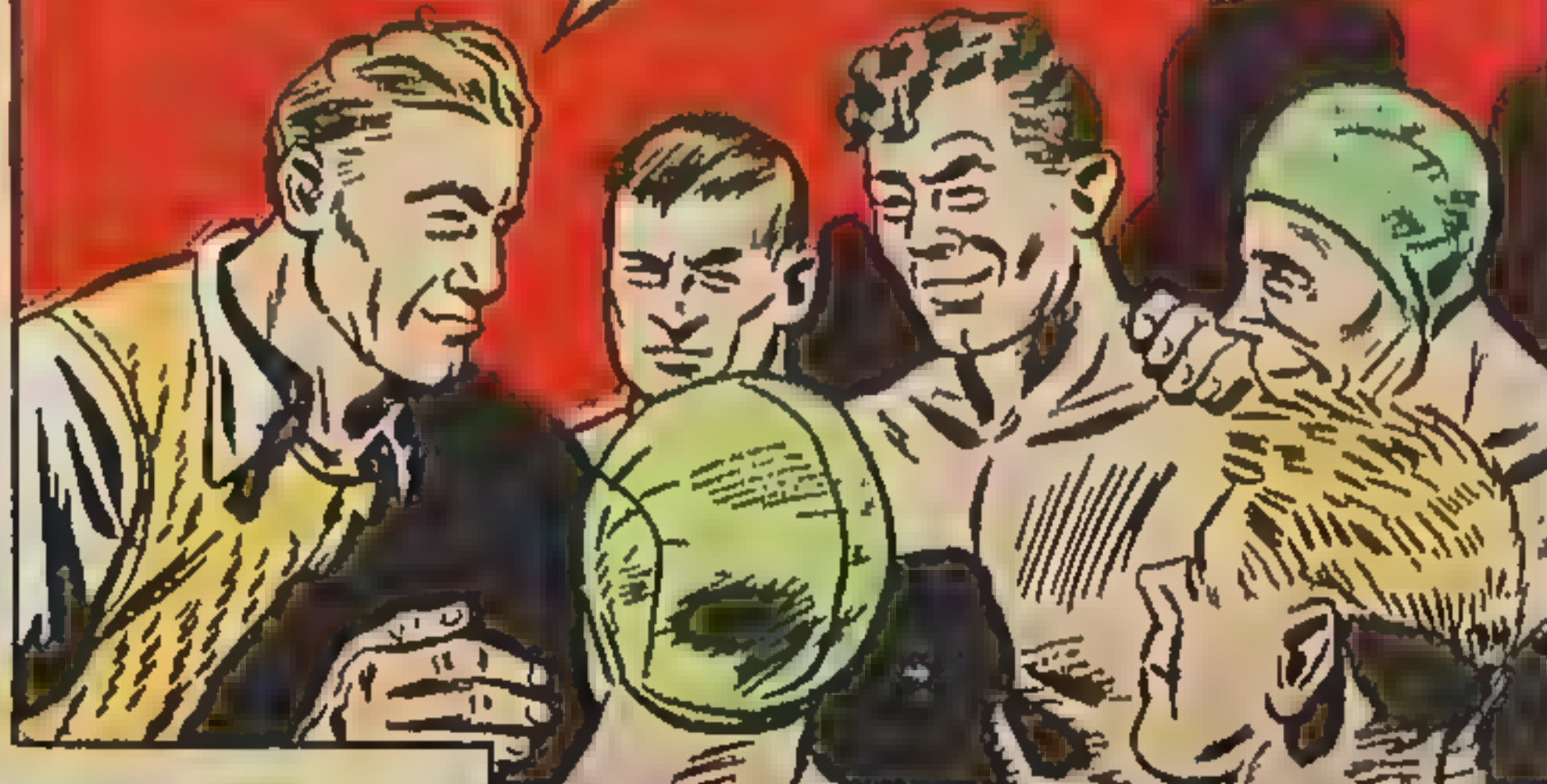
WINNER OF THE 100-YARD FREE STYLE—THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY! FIRST PLACE, JOE RUDDY, JUNIOR!



ALTHOUGH JOE, JUNIOR, STARRED IN SWIMMING, HE LOVED WATER POLO EVEN MORE.

REMEMBER, BOYS, THE TEAMS WE MEET THIS YEAR ARE GOOD!

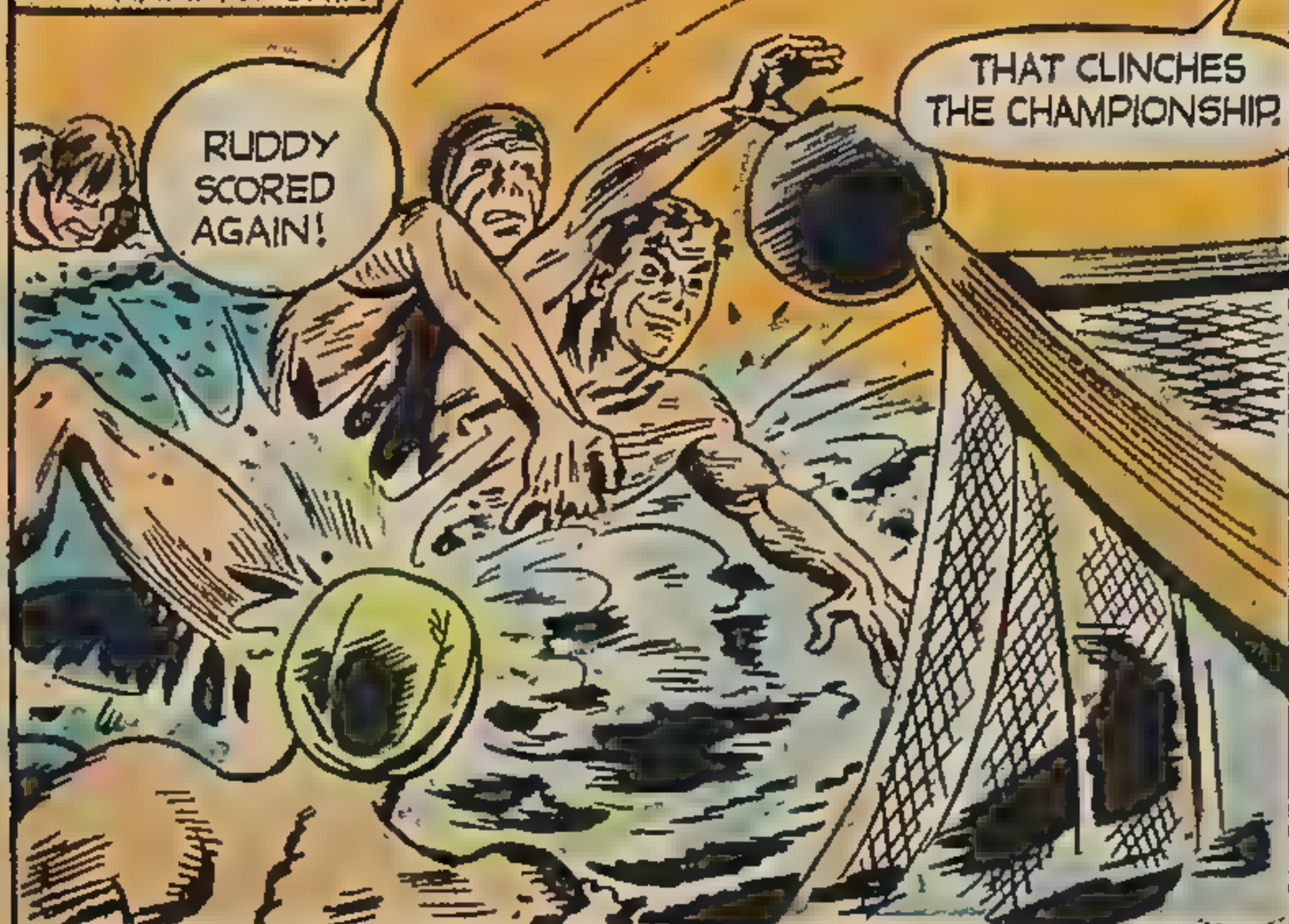
DON'T WORRY, COACH. RUDDY WILL OUTSCORE THEM ALL!



IN A SERIES OF BRILLIANT GAMES THAT SEASON, JOE, JUNIOR, LED THE NAVY TEAM TO THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

RUDDY SCORED AGAIN!

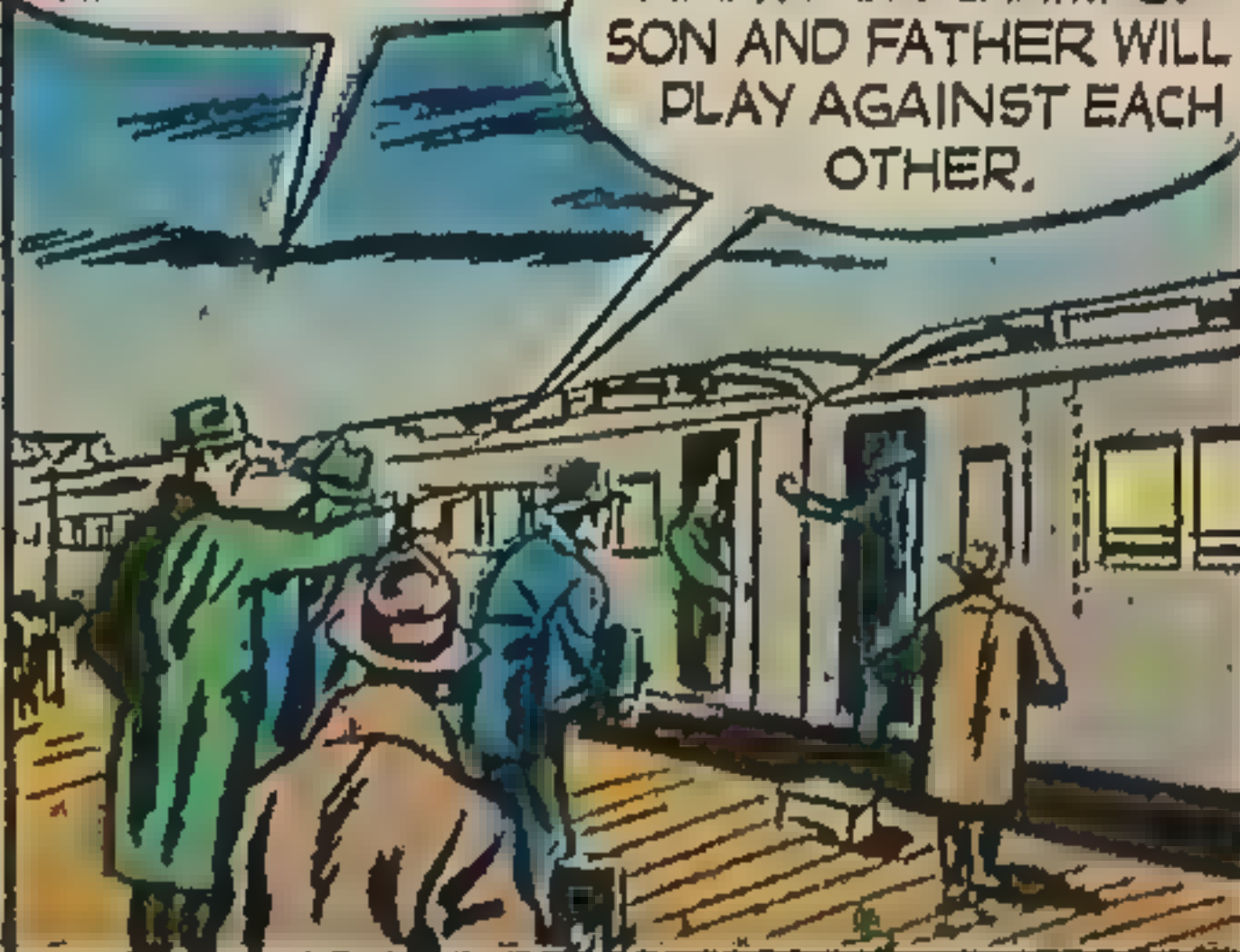
THAT CLINCHES THE CHAMPIONSHIP.



IN JOE'S SENIOR YEAR, THE NAVY TEAM WENT NORTH TO PLAY THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

THERE'S JOE RUDDY, JUNIOR! SAY, JUNIOR, YOUR DAD BETS HIS TEAM WILL LICK YOURS.

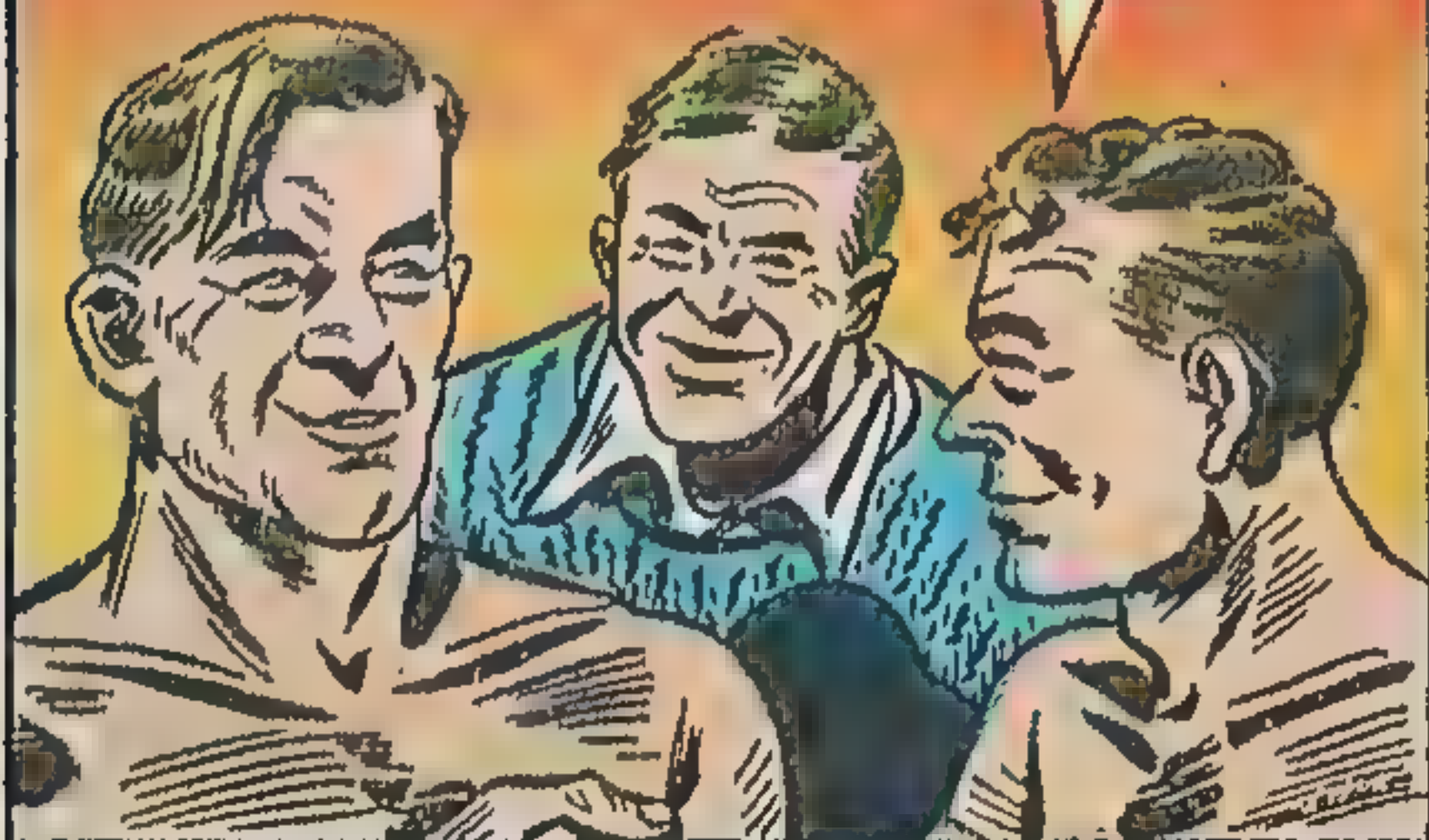
WHAT A STORY! THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPS AGAINST THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPS! SON AND FATHER WILL PLAY AGAINST EACH OTHER.



THAT NIGHT...

CAPTAIN RUDDY,
SENIOR-THIS IS THE NAVY
CAPTAIN, JOE RUDDY,
JUNIOR!

POP, WE'RE GOING TO
GIVE YOU OLD MEN
AN AWFUL WHIPPING,
SO STAY OUT OF OUR
WAY!



JUNIOR, YOU'RE TALKING
THROUGH YOUR MIDSHIPMAN'S
HAT. MY TEAM'LL BEAT THE
NAVY, AND I'LL OUTSCORE YOU!

WE'LL SEE,
POP!
GOOD
LUCK!



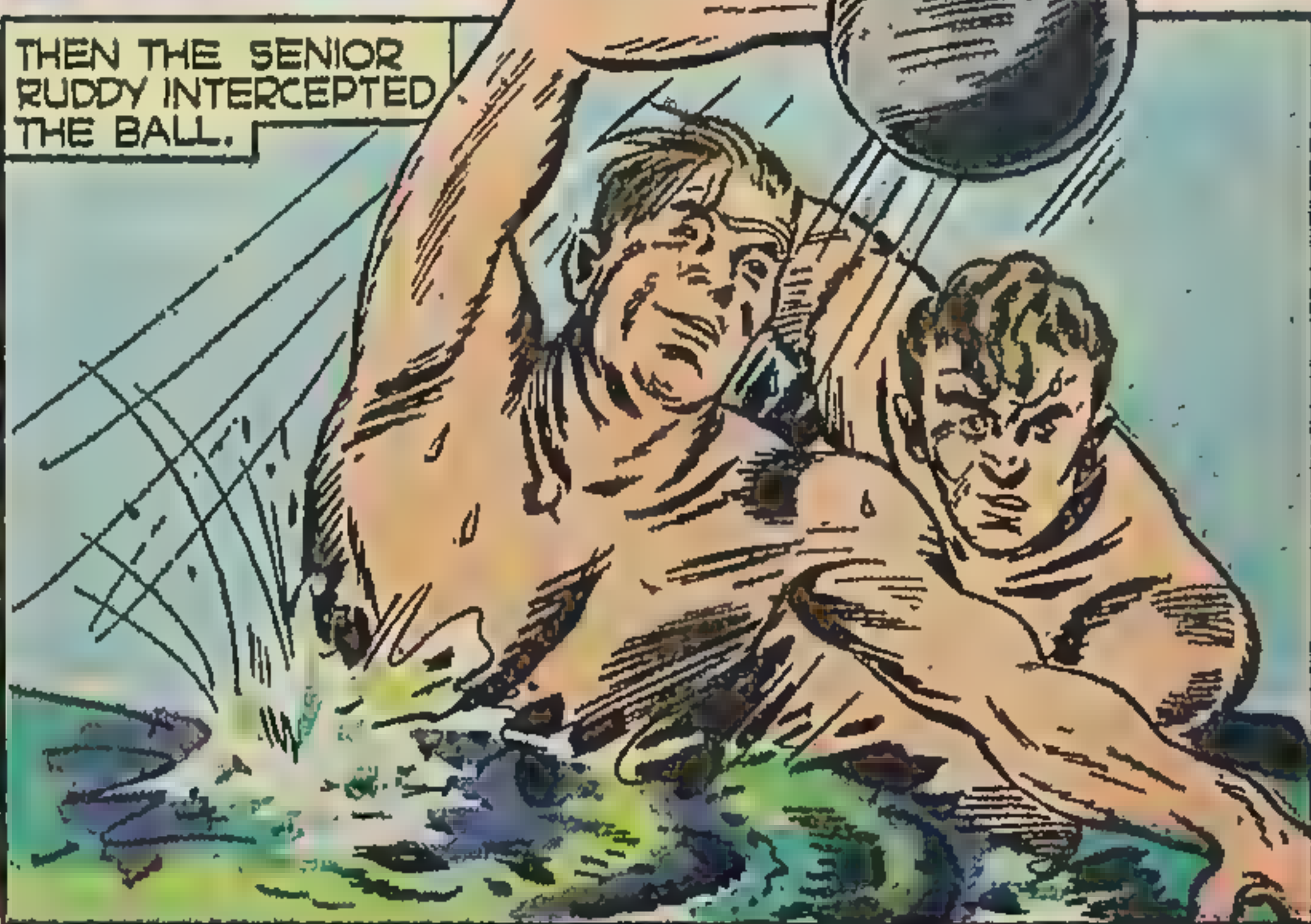
SOMETIME LATER...

WHAT A
GAME! THE
SCORE IS TIED
AT 29-29!

ONLY TWO
MINUTES
LEFT.

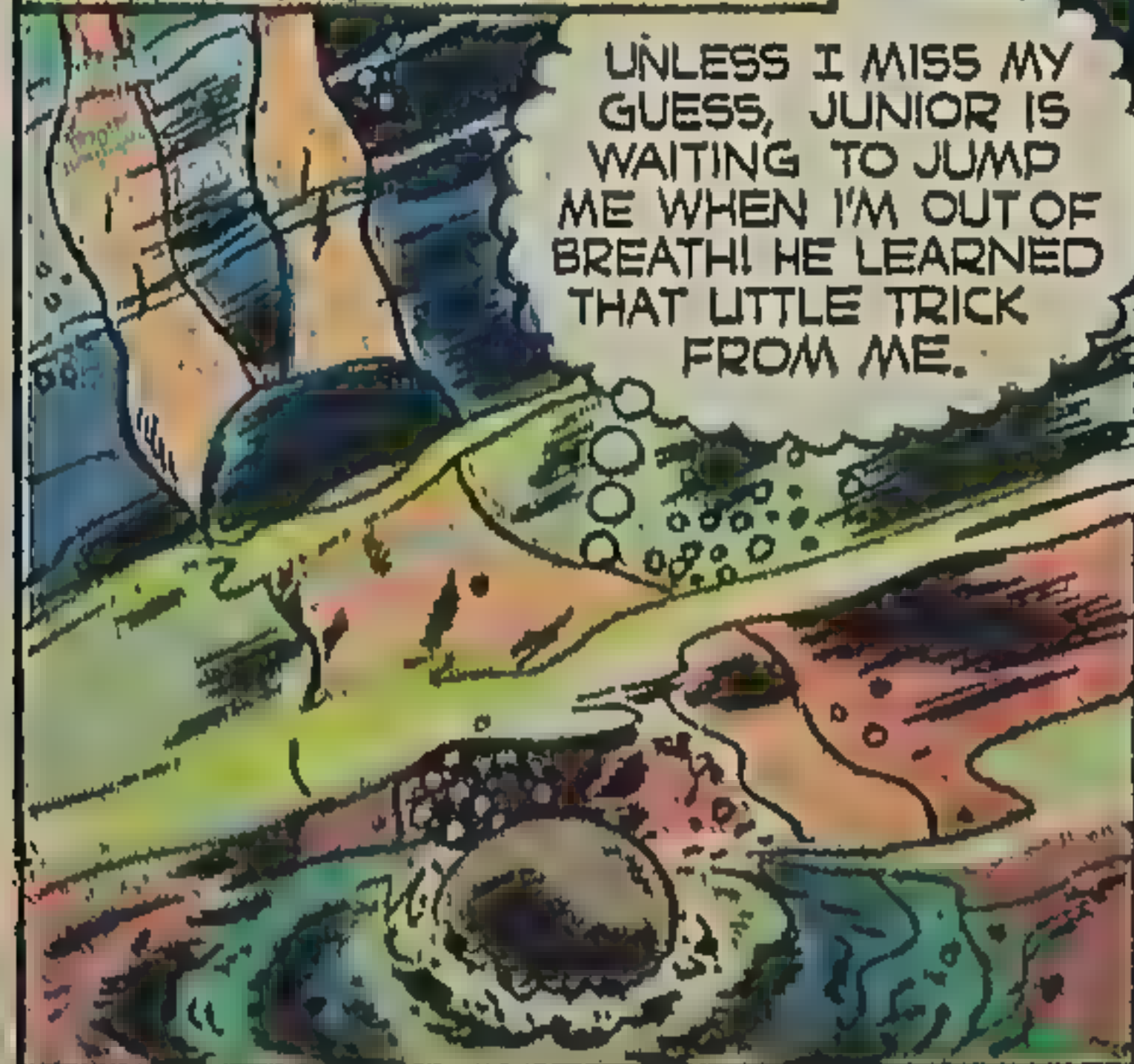


THEN THE SENIOR
RUDDY INTERCEPTED
THE BALL.

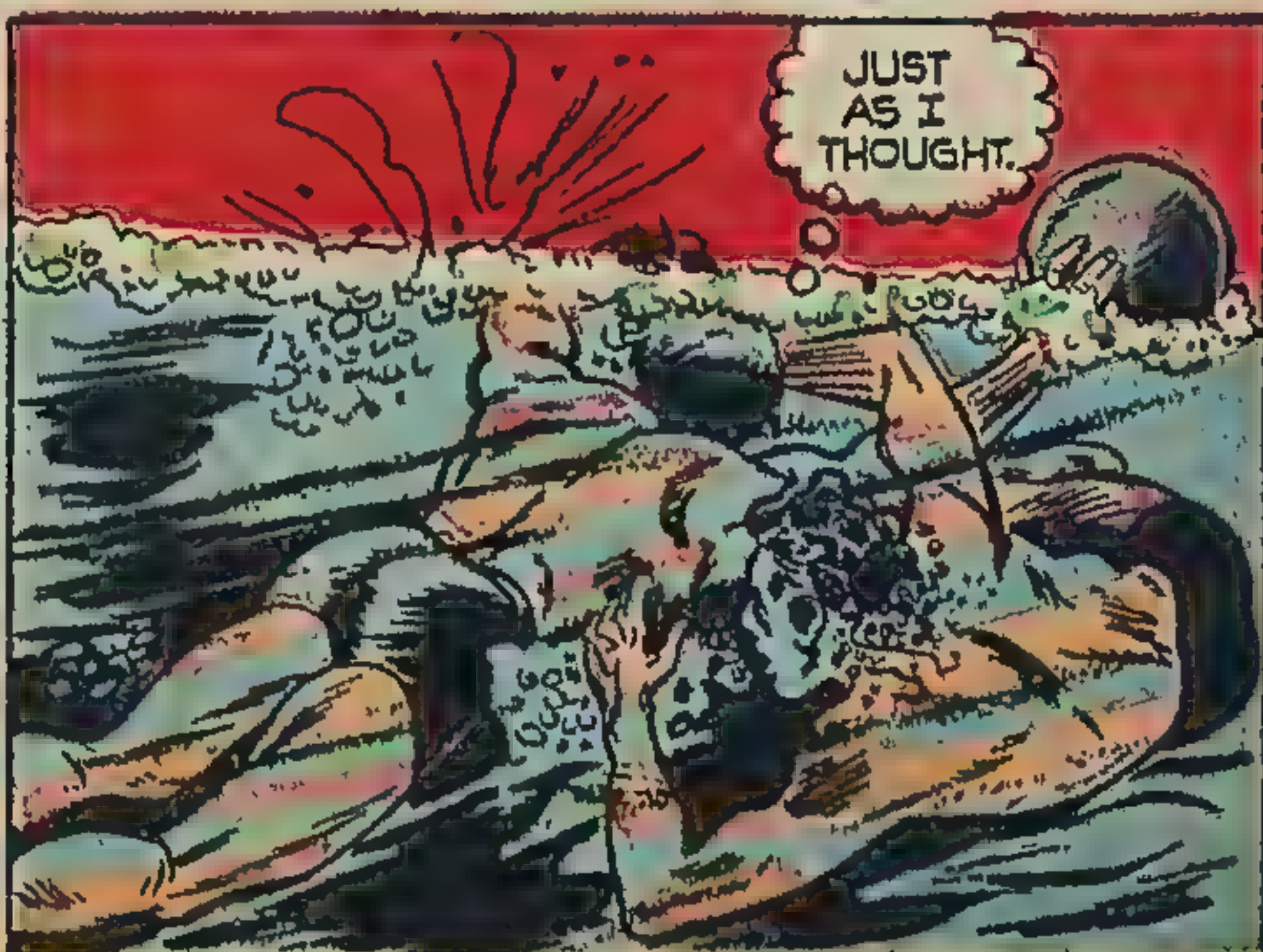


DIVING DEEP UNDERWATER, HE SWAM
TOWARDS THE NAVY GOAL!

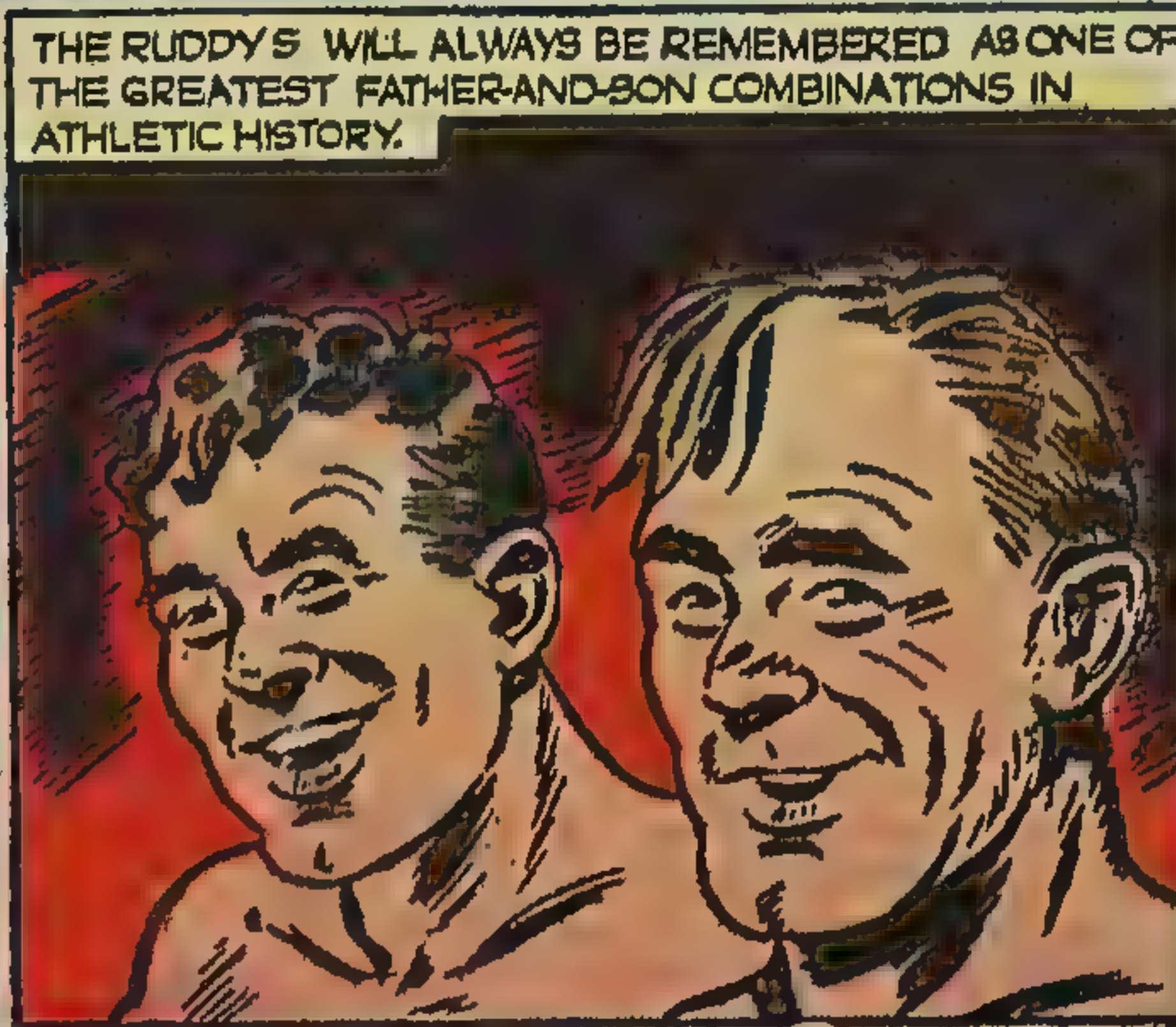
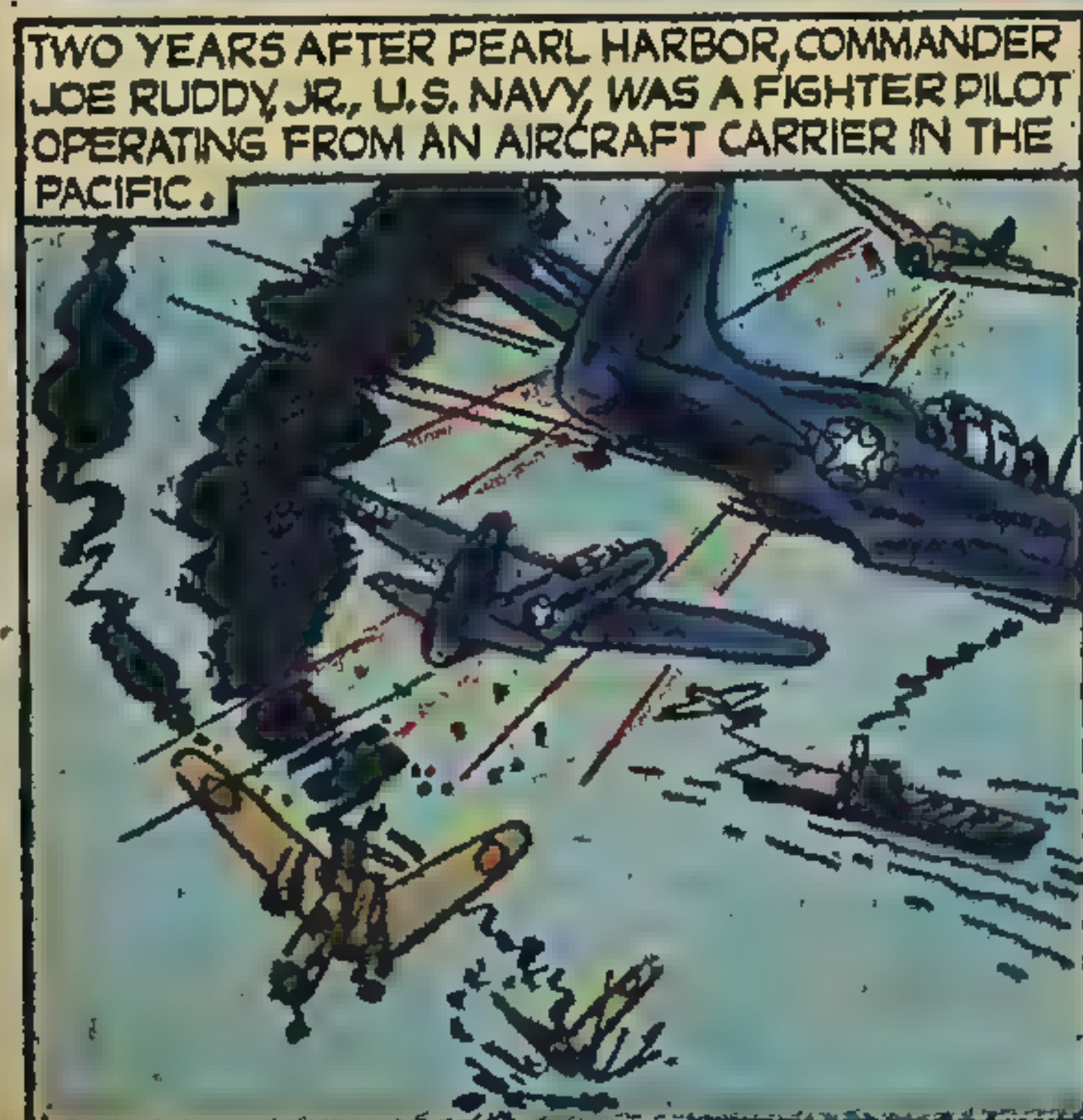
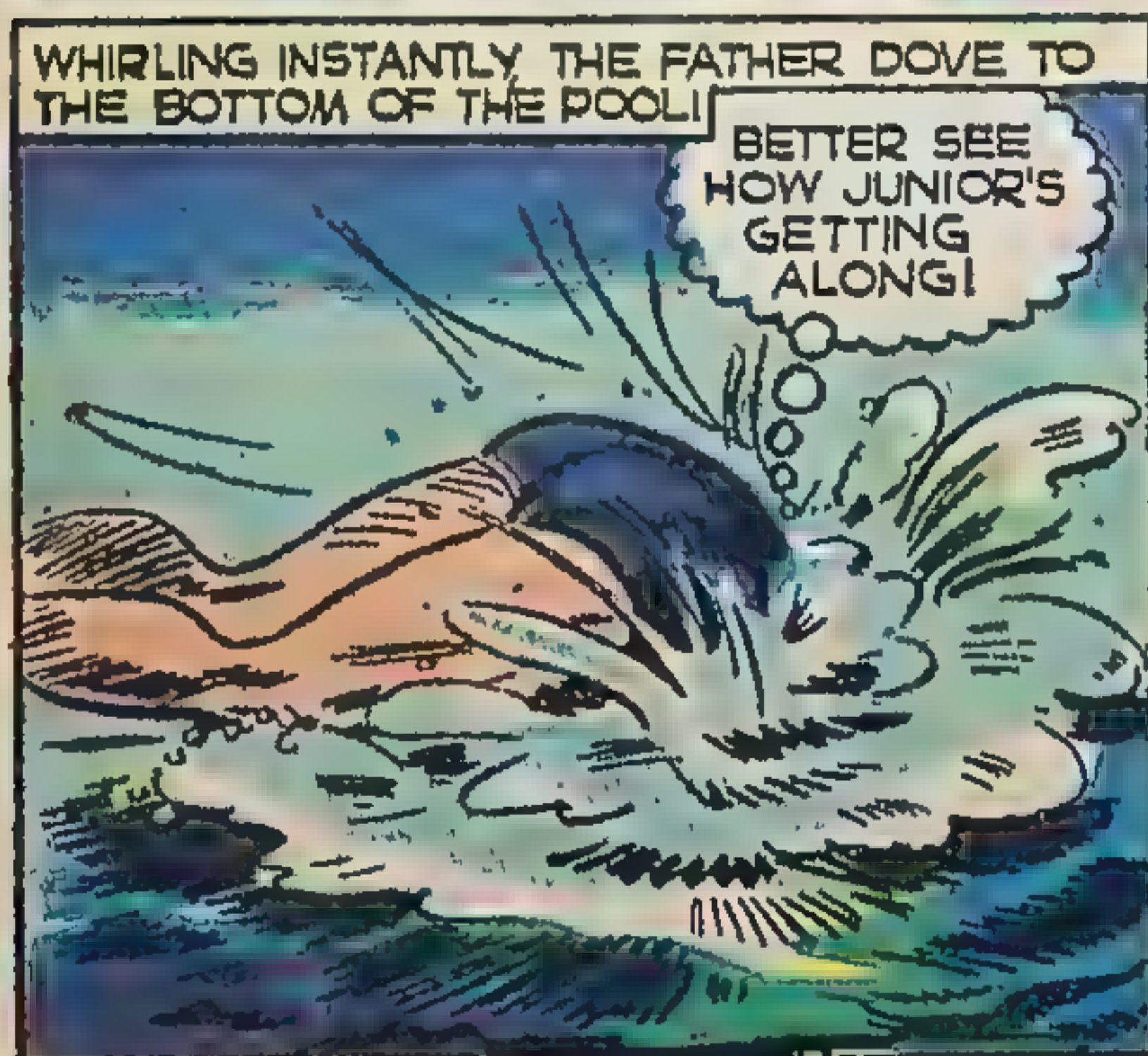
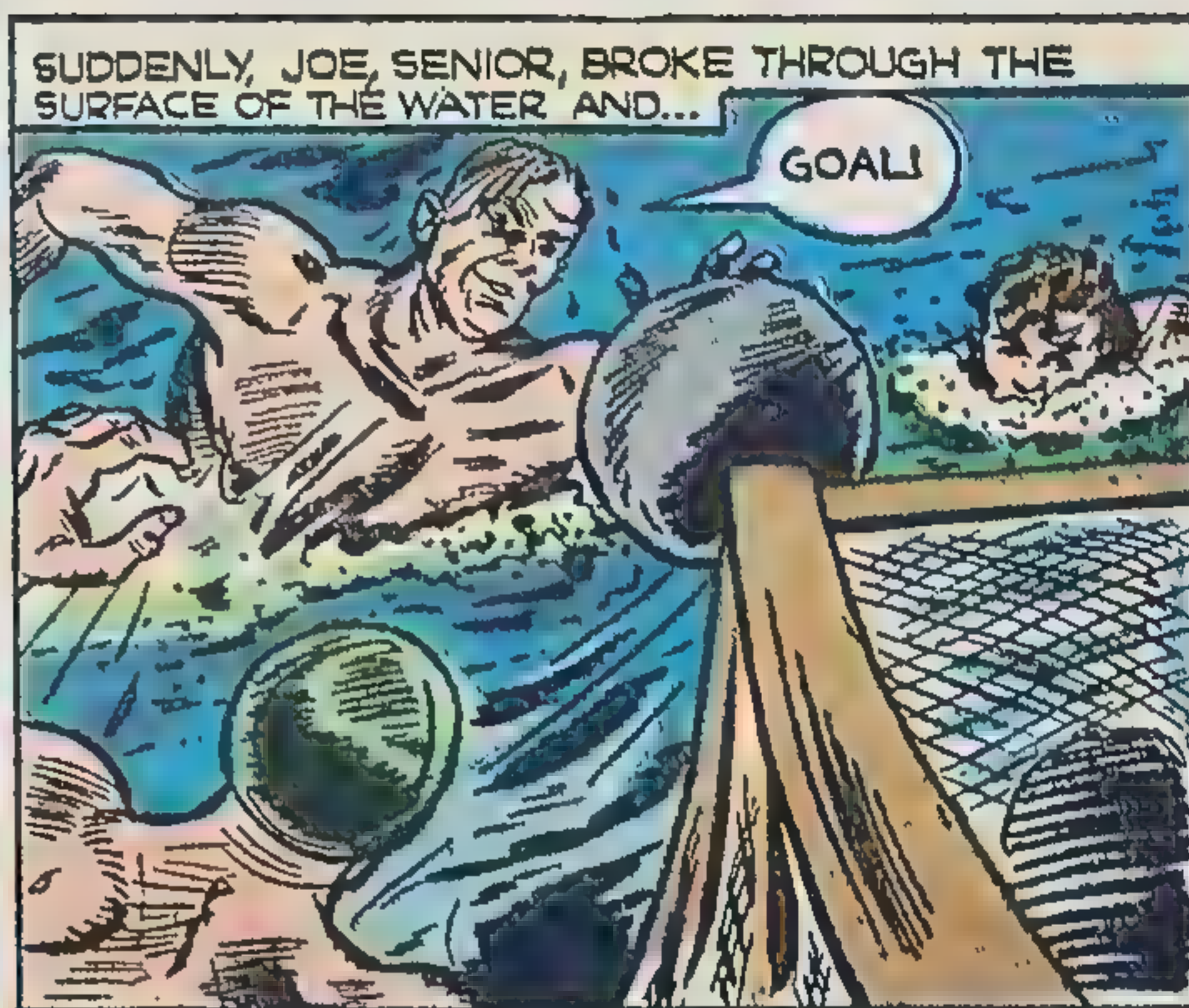
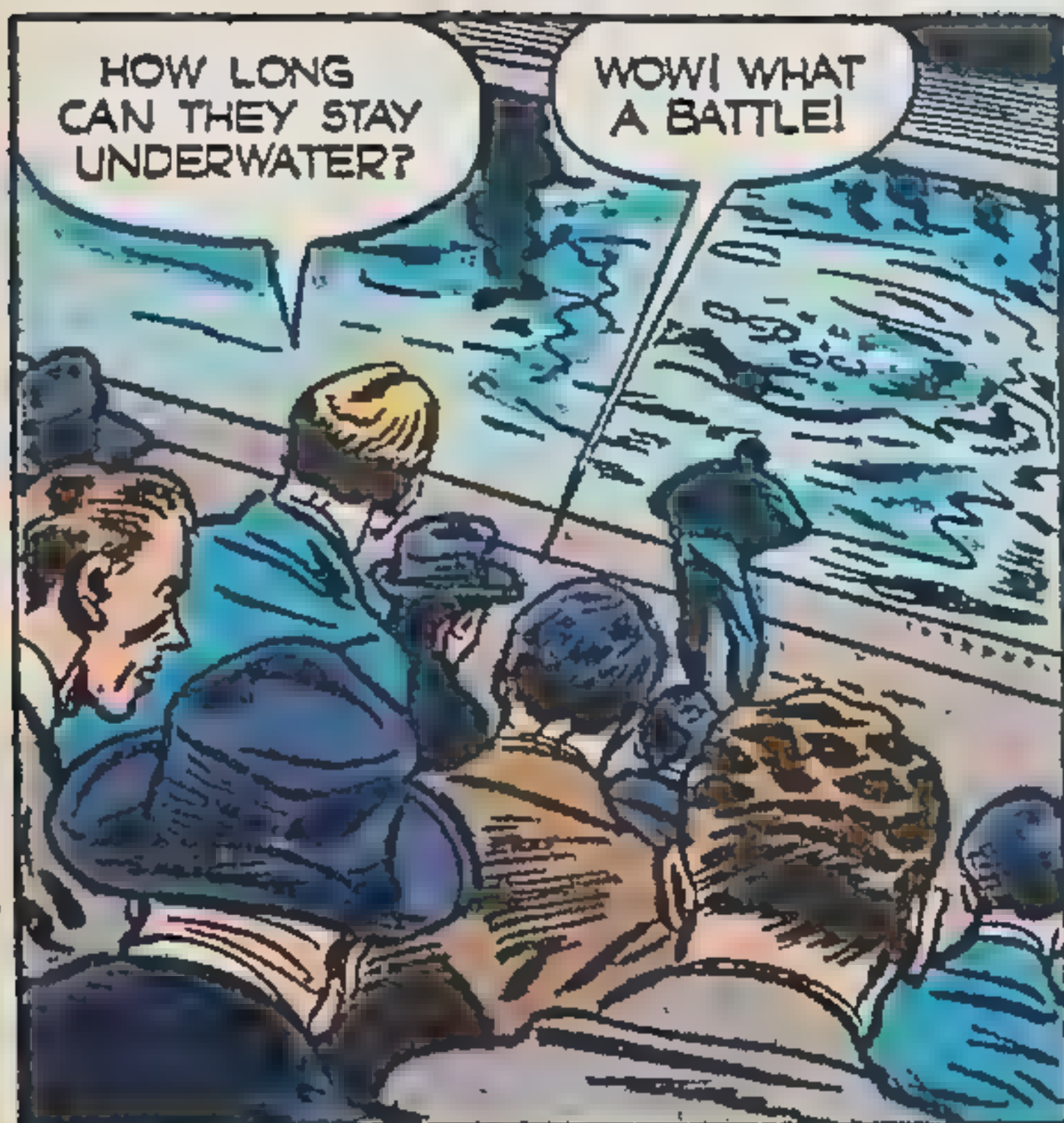
UNLESS I MISS MY
GUESS, JUNIOR IS
WAITING TO JUMP
ME WHEN I'M OUT OF
BREATH! HE LEARNED
THAT LITTLE TRICK
FROM ME.



JUST
AS I
THOUGHT.



THUS BEGAN AN UNDERWATER STRUGGLE FOR
VICTORY BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.



THE KITE IS SNARLED

(Continued from page 29)

beyond the foul line, and spread his arms and legs wide apart to bottle him. Midge bounced the ball high for an apparent slap-pass high to the left, so The Kite quickly flung up his arms. Too late, he saw Midge crouch down and dribble between his long legs, right through him! He pivoted just in time to see Midge sink a lay-up, cutting Campon's lead to 52-40.

That did it. In the next foray, he was again cloth-clawed by leech-like Wheaton. The ref finally saw it, and blew hard on his whistle. But before the sound could make an impact on The Kite's inflamed mind, he shoved Midge angrily and sent him sprawling. "Tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet," went one referee's whistle as the other official jumped in to prevent a threatened free-for-all.

All kinds of wild noises came from the stands. They kept it up as The Kite, who had been held, shot his foul, and Midge, who had been shoved, tossed his free throw. But both were too aroused, and both shot and missed.

As The Kite stomped back to the center circle for the jump-off, he suddenly saw Bobby Greene report to the referee and motion him off the court. He trudged to the bench and snapped at the coach, "What are you doing? We can't keep coasting with only a 12-point lead."

"I know," Pop answered slowly. "But the way you've lost your head, we can't afford to carry you with only a 12-point lead either."

Without The Kite, Campon quickly collapsed. With only a minute to play, the Aggies moved in front, 55-54, and so they staged a dazzling dribble-freeze. Campon couldn't regain the ball. With 11 seconds left, a Campon player deflected the ball out of bounds, so Pop barked to The Kite, "Okay, get in there and get us the ball."

The fans booed the announcement of his substitution, but The Kite was exhilarated at the challenge. With the clock running again, the Aggies resumed the moving-chain dribble exchange. As a measure of desperation, The Kite leaped ahead and shoved

Midge as he was about to receive a short pass. Tweet!

Then a strange thing happened. The crowd, which had been pro-Aggie all night, somehow comprehended The Kite's gesture. While acknowledging the artistry of the freeze play, they still felt that it was unfair to stall and keep the losing team from a fair chance at the ball. They realized that there had been nothing especially personal in The Kite's shove—it was just a move to give the Aggies a free throw, after which Campon would take possession under its own basket.

Everybody understood the shove—everybody but Midge. The mite scrambled to his feet and charged into The Kite, fists flying. Midge flailed away, making a fool of himself as most of the blows landed on The Kite's hands or hips.

One of the refs pinned Midge's arms to his side while the other shouted, "Double foul! Do you want to take yours?" Still snorting, Midge finally nodded.

The Kite looked at the big clock on the scoreboard and saw that only three seconds were left. "If he makes his shot, I'm declining mine," he told the official. Midge stood at the foul line a long time, aimed deliberately and sank the free throw cleanly, stretching the Aggie lead to two points.

The clock started as Campon took possession behind the back-line. Doug Olsen heaved the ball to The Kite just before mid-court. Without hesitation, The Kite spread his massive right hand over the ball as he whirled,

glanced desperately at the distant rim and pitched with all his might.

Just as the ball left his paw, the game-ending buzzer sounded. The ball arced high through the smoky air, hit the rim and backboard simultaneously, bounced straight up and plummeted through the hoop. The insistent buzzer was drowned out by thunderous cheers as the scoreboard flashed: 56-56.

As his mates slapped his back, The Kite laughed so hysterically he almost cried. It wasn't just the miraculous two-pointer that got him. He was happy to have the crowd back on his side, and the coach, too, for Pop was doing an Indian war dance in front of the bench, waving to The Kite.

After that, overtime play was a cinch. The Kite reeled off 12 points, and Campon romped off with the crown. But he racked up two more personal triumphs en route. The first came when he feinted a high pass to a teammate, made Midge spring up, and bounced a pass under his legs. It worked. The second piece of revenge was even more satisfying, for Midge was caught red-handed at his pants-grabbing trick during a jump for the rebound. The referee blew the whistle hard, yelled Midge's number as the fouler, and graphically motioned the misdeed by tugging at his pants with one hand and using the other hand as a sneaky shield. Boos rolled out of the crowd. Midge tried it again, was caught again. A third time, he finally was banished on fouls.

This was the first time Midge had been banished from a game and, as the little demon walked from the court, the referee told him in no uncertain terms how unsportsmanlike his conduct had been.

"Sorry," Pop Ross murmured in the locker room afterward. "I guess you were right about Midge all along."

"Forget it," laughed The Kite. "I did lose my head the time you yanked me out of the game. But the way Midge kept grabbing at my pants, I guess it was a case of either losing my temper or losing my pants!"

Midge got away with this too often.



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SURE, AN' HE'S A GREAT BOY

KEE-RECT!



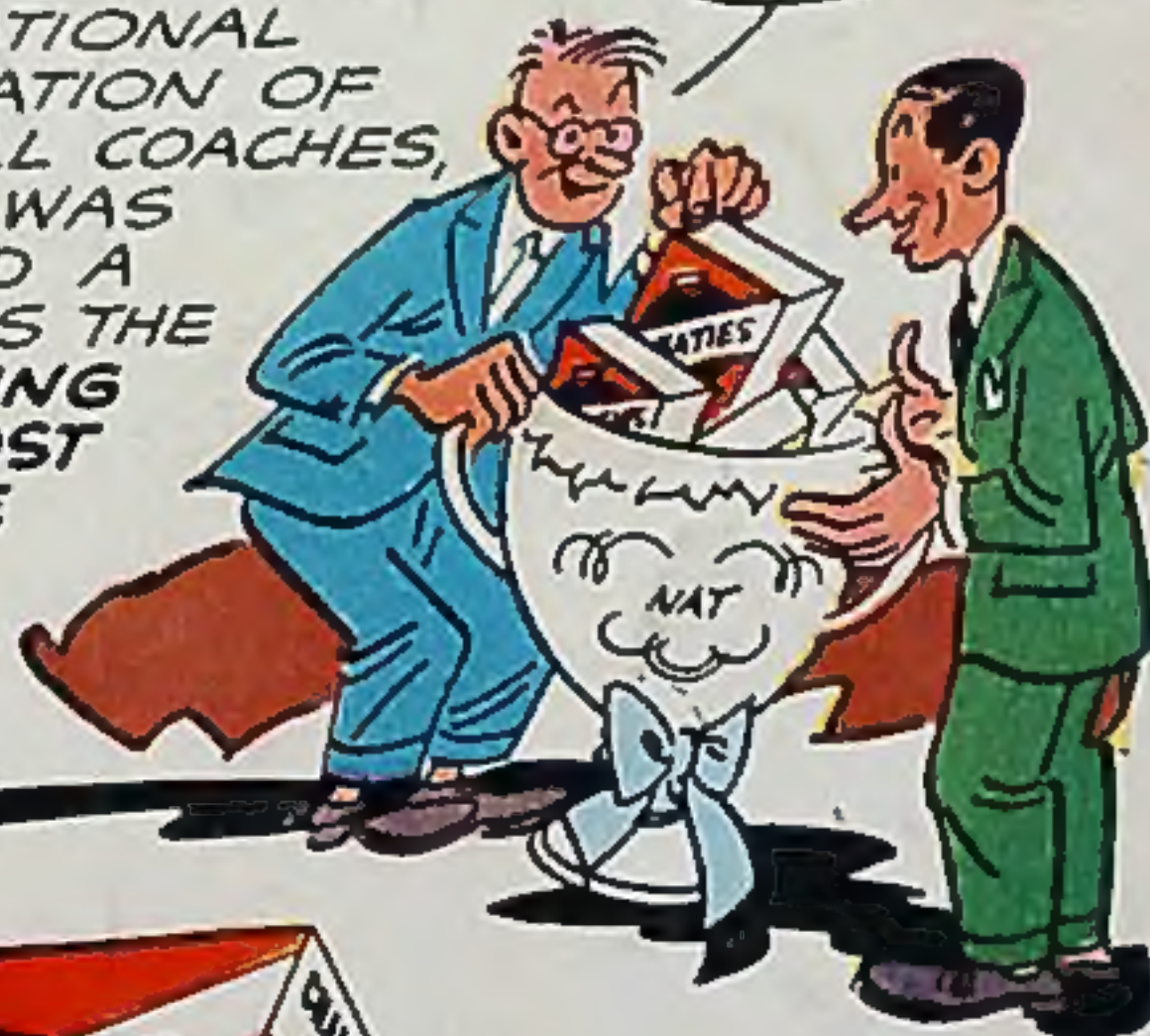
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